

VOL. IX NO. 6

FEBRUARY 1929

PRICE 25 CENTS

GOBLIN





Italian Marble "Lifetime" Desk Fountain Pen Set, \$37.00



Identify the Lifetime pen by this white dot

Oval Crystal Glass "Lifetime" Desk Fountain Pen Set, \$19.00



Jet Glass "Lifetime" Desk Fountain Pen Set, \$17.00

*Sheaffer gave the world
its writing instruments
of real beauty*

Pioneers in elegance! Sheaffer's Lifetime^o desk fountain-pen set has brought to the work-places of the world a new efficiency. It is a convenience that is now greatly needed in every office and home. Always ready for instant service, responding to the lightest touch, a handsome ornament, this first pioneer quickly became a desk necessity.

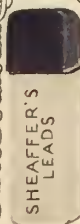
At better dealers everywhere

SHEAFFER'S
PENS • PENCILS • SKRIP

W. A. SHEAFFER PEN CO. OF CANADA, Limited
60-62 FRONT ST. WEST, TORONTO



Onyx or Italian Marble "Lifetime" Desk Fountain Pen Set, \$12.75



Blue Cap Leads 20 cents

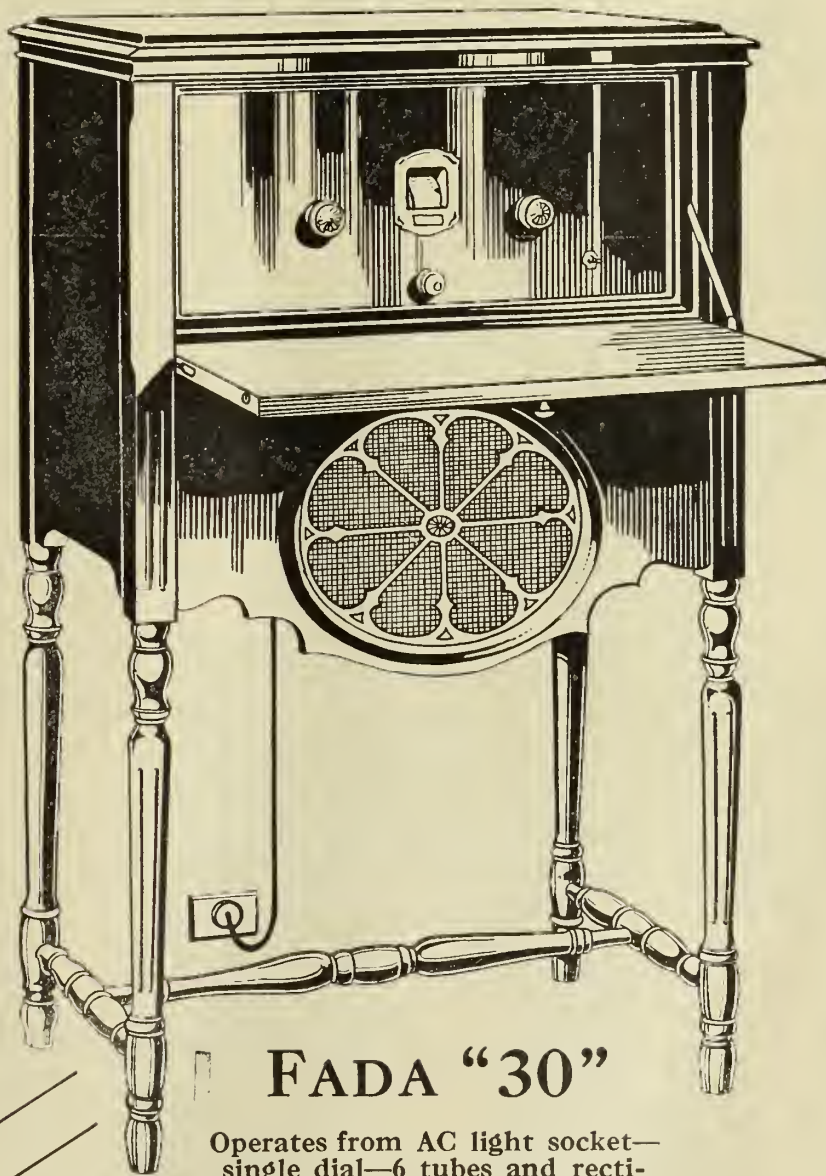
DONALD GENTON

FADA Radio

Continued Undisputed Leadership

THE sensation of batteryless receivers in 1928 — Fada steps out into the new year with a firmer hold than ever on first place in public choice. Fada has brought perfect radio reception to thousands of owners. Now is the time to enjoy radio most, but don't be satisfied with ordinary reception—let a Fada thrill you with its clear, golden tone from near or far-distant stations. Hairline selectivity—low-cost trouble-free operation—Fada, years ahead of any other make. See Fada! Hear Fada, at the nearest Fada dealer; or, better still, prove its supremacy in your own home.

TONE—
DISTANCE—
SELECTIVITY—
RELIABILITY—



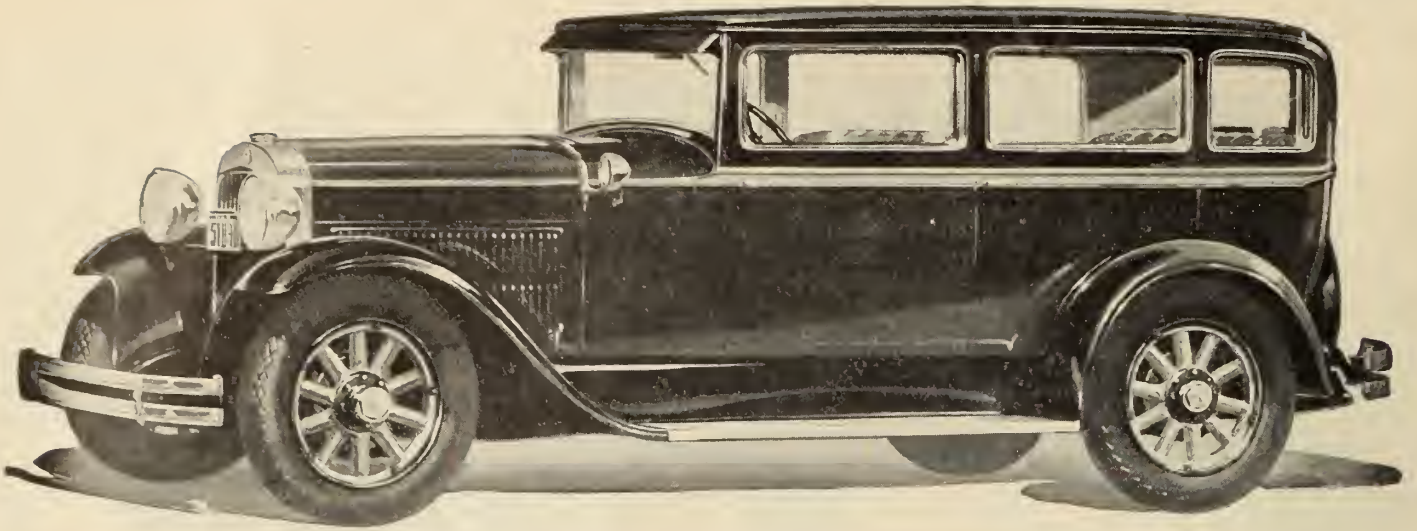
FADA "30"

Operates from AC light socket—single dial—6 tubes and rectifier—contained in handsome burled walnut cabinet console with built-in FADA "4" Speaker.

\$250 (without tubes)

FADA RADIO LIMITED - TORONTO, ONTARIO

Manufacturers in Canada of Electric and Battery-type
Radio Receivers and Speakers.



ESSEX

THE CHALLENGER

76 improvements—Longer, wider, roomier, more luxurious bodies—A big, adult-size Six with big car advantages—Power increased 24%—Above 70 miles an hour top speed—Above 60 miles an hour all day—Even greater economy—New type, double-action 4-wheel brakes, not affected by weather—4 hydraulic shock absorbers—Starter and electric gauge for fuel and oil on instrument board—Easier steering, greater riding ease and comfort.

Essex the Challenger, with 76 improvements, challenges the best that motordom has to offer; a challenge of interest to all who would own the best.

Essex was already a great car—a great car in pride of ownership—a great car in fineness and quality. Now it incorporates every advancement suggested by the experience of more

than 1,000,000 Super-Six owners. They include larger bodies, greater stability, big car advantages in appearance, comfort and performance.

You can compare it only to costlier cars, because similar quality and detail is present only in high-priced cars, and absent in cars built to a price.

HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT, U. S. A.

A BIG AND BETTER SIX

\$840

and up—F.O.B. Windsor, Taxes Extra

Bobbin

Chicago's 1929 Baseball Prospects

CHICAGO expects to have at least one team this summer that will run like a well-oiled machine gun. There is no truth in the rumour that the Chicago infield was all shot to pieces last year, and manager Whoosis expects to recruit one or two new pitchers who can hurl the ball with rifle bullet swiftness, thereby throwing a bomb into the opposition. These moundsmen will, however, be restrained from putting any English on the ball.

Chicago will be especially strong at the bat, and opposing pitchers are expected to succumb when she gets her heavy artillery in action. She will be fast on the bases, as there are more skillful runners in Chicago than any other city in the country. It will, moreover, be hard to score against her as she will almost certainly have one of the tightest infields on record. No one is expected to have any success in stealing bases from her. All in all it looks as though the Windy City would finish the season with a bang.

—PARKE CUMMINGS.

* * *

For the Records

*I'd liefer be nothing,
I'd liefer be dead
And a white shroud over
My empty head*

*Than walking about
With an empty heart,
With never a hurt
To make it start,*

*To make me be wishing
That I could be dead
With a white shroud over
My empty head.*

—STEPHEN MOON.



"I'M AFRAID I SHALL ALWAYS BE JUST A GREAT BIG BOY."

If You Know What I Mean—

A SCIENTIST says that it is possible to make plants intoxicated. Most of the plants in our own home have been potted for some time.

* * *

WE understand that a foreign nobleman was knocked down twice by the same woman motorist. Had she knocked him down once more she might have claimed the title.

* * *

THE application of a little warm beer improves the appearance of oak furniture, says a contemporary. The application of a little cold beer will often improve the appearance of the whole world, say we.

ALL Hollywood is upset over the report that the latest sound camera records the still small voice.

* * *

ADD simile: The trees were shedding their leaves like a cheque book on the first of the month.

* * *

A NIGHT club recently failed after only one night of existence. This would not have been so bad in the Arctic circle.

* * *

IT takes fourteen muscles of the face to produce a smile, says a contemporary. Or sometimes two hours of pencil-chewing, says a well-known humorist.

AN English paper warns its readers of a possible "Huge Meat Combine." We never did trust hash, anyway.

* * *

IT is suggested that, with the advent of paper milk bottles, milk can be delivered by motor cycle. Not on our street, you don't!

* * *

OBVIOUSLY, the credo of the builders of modern furniture is: odd for odd's sake!—JOHN CASLON.

* * *

Remarks at Which We Shoot to Kill

"Have a little coffee with your sugar."

"Excuse my French."

"Save the pieces."

"Hold everything."

"Don't shoot: I'll marry the girl."

"Come again when you can't stay so long."

"Get 'em young, treat 'em rough, and tell 'em nothing."

"Don't give your right name."

"I faw down."—N. R. JAFFRAY.

* * *

He Decides to Say Nothing

NCE I had thought,
If you should die
I'd rear a temple
To the sky,
White alabaster
Against the blue,

So might young lovers
Know of you,
And dream and feel
The aching start
Like a swift dagger
In the heart.
But now I know
When you are dead
I'll carry my sorrow
In my head,
Smile and gabble
And buy and sell,
Greet my guests
And wish them well
Or seal my lips
And go my way
And let young lovers
Have their day.

—STEPHEN MOON.



"How about letting me cut in this dance, old man?"

Bigger and Better Human Interest Business Letters

"YOU dear Amalgamated Pillow Case Company:

Honestly, you are just too thoughtful for words. We ordered those cases only two days ago and here they are already. And they are so sweet. I've shown them to Mrs. Brackett and she simply adores them. And besides, we ought surely to make a handsome profit on them. Give my love to Effie, and *do* come and see us.

Always,

J. K. Brackett,

President, Brackett's
Department Store.

P.S.—We all loved the pictures of your collie."

"Dear Mr. Griebler:

Somewhere in some golden clime birds are singing, cool streams are running through shady nooks, fragrant flowers are blooming, and youths and maids are dancing, playing, trysting on the green. Alas! Not here! Gone is gladness, song, and jollity. There is naught save the ache of a broken heart. The powers of darkness, alack, rule supreme.

—For the last consignment of woolen goods you sent us are full of moth holes and improperly dyed.

Yours in sorrow and in grief,

Samuel Ott,

Secretary, Ott & Ott."

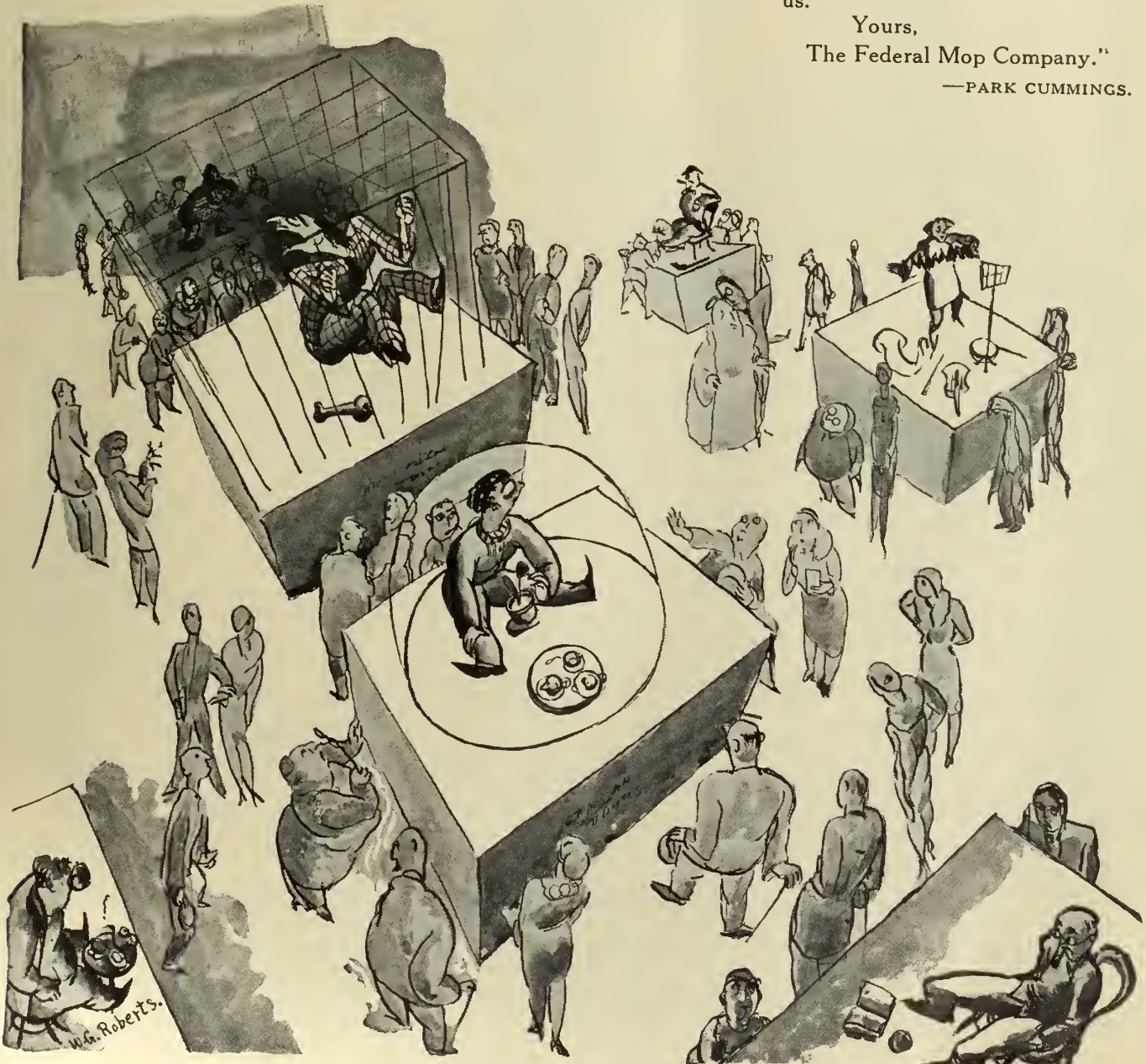
"Dear Miller's Magazine:

Honestly, we nearly died laughing. You fellows are perfect screams. It was a great joke, your running our advertisement upside down. Our assistant cashier suggests that you ran the magazine upside down and that our advertisement was the only thing placed correctly. But he's always fooling like that. When I told our president he went out and ordered a hundred copies to give to all his friends. But we have had a conference and feel that in the future we would prefer to have our ad. conform with the rest—if it isn't asking too much. Trusting you will make things right side up with us.

Yours,

The Federal Mop Company."

—PARK CUMMINGS.



AN EXHIBITION OF CONTEMPORARY CANADIAN PAINTERS

SIR JOSEPH FLAVELLE



SIR JOSEPH was once a pork packer and is now a banker, and believes that one is as honest as the other.

When he was a pork packer he used to wear a banker's square derby hat and now he frequently wears a grey fedora which proves that even great men are contrary.

He is one of the most habitual leading citizens in Canada though he still does not have his picture in the papers as often as Canon Cody.

He is seventy years old and does not care.

Besides being chairman of the board of the Bank of Commerce he is vice-president of Simpson's store, head of industrial research for Ontario, a patron of music and a number of other things and on occasions has looked after the country's munitions and railways and a hospital.

He has not yet decided the purpose of human life but believes that the best way to be happy is to be too busy to think about it.

He is not interested in food for pleasure and would just as soon eat a baked apple as anything.

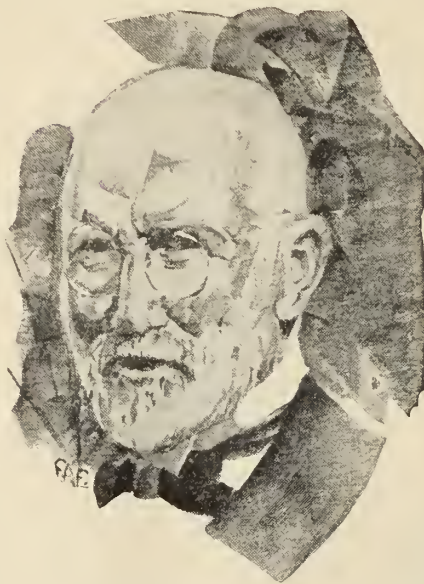
A great many responsible people maintain that he is the greatest living Canadian in mental capacity and general ability, but he doubts this.

He grew a beard years ago because shaving every morning took too much time and wears it now because he is afraid he might catch cold without it.

He never forgets people's names and faces, nor how many children they have, and has frequently been told that he would have done well in politics on that account.

He has a red face, white hair and blue eyes but in spite of this arrangement has several times been attacked by the *Toronto Globe*.

He started his career in a provision store in Peterborough and the people there are still expecting that he will give the place a public library or at least a park.



He is always kind to young men and interested in helping them.

He likes to give advice about work and character and once in a speech at Upper Canada College used a piece of putty by way of demonstration.

He was very touched when he learned that one of the masters had preserved the putty.

He has never smoked, never tasted liquor, never played poker, never gone to the races and hardly ever said any bad words.

He has never been an honorary colonel either, but insists that he is perfectly happy.

He once sold a chair because it was too comfortable and he thought he could not succeed in business if he used it.

He wears gold-rimmed spectacles which assist him in smiling with benevolence.

He is over six feet tall and extremely strong and once threw a man out of his office onto the street. His office then was on the ground floor.

He lives near the parliament buildings in Toronto in a magnificent house which he calls "Hollywood" and is pained to hear that rude persons call it "Porker Palace."

He does not allow smoking in his house though it is understood

that certain guests broke this rule on occasions when the place was turned over to the governor-general and his staff.

It has often been rumored that since the war he will not allow a slice of bacon in his house, but this is not true.

WHEN he goes home at night he either listens to good music or reads something instructive and as he grows older he hopes to become well-informed.

He thinks a cold bath in the morning is silly.

The two most serious difficulties he has had arose over pork and golf, and in both of these he believes he was misrepresented.

He frequently wears a grey cutaway coat and understands that this is suitable for finance.

He is almost never ill but is very careful about adjusting his underwear to the weather.

He talks with a freedom which is horrifying to most gentlemen connected with banking and when roused is capable of highly emotional and effective sentiments.

The only time he has seriously considered removing his beard was when someone told him that it looked like George Bernard Shaw's, but he discovered in time that it does not.

To make up for the no-smoking restriction in his house he sometimes has had his butler stand in the hall and bestow upon departing guests cigarettes of an extra long and very opulent Turkish variety which nobody could smoke except a debutante.

He divides most of his time now between his office in Simpson's store and the Bank of Commerce head office about four blocks away and always carries a little black bag such as family doctors used to have.

He thinks rudeness is evidence of stupidity and has risked high blood pressure to remain always pleasant.

He understands that Mary Pickford is a cinema performer, but is not quite clear about Elinor Glyn and has never heard of Greta Garbo.

R. T. L.

The Ad Writer Indites a Love Letter

NOW, you too, can have a husband of this newer, better kind!
 Fresh and glowing! What a husband! One with clear and balanced mind!
 Instantly you can be married in a quicker, safer way!
 And the time to make your capture is right now.
 That means to-day!

Think how luscious to be wedded to a graceful, brilliant mate!
 So dependable, so charming! Order now and do not wait!
 Let's sit down and talk it over! Let's have all things understood!
 If you're doubtful, try this method! Ask your dealer if I'm good!

Washes white and wears a lifetime! Up-to-date from hat to boots!
 Doesn't rattle! Stays in order! Best accept no substitutes!
 Keeps an everlasting polish! Has that healthy, happy smile!
 Now it's FREE a brand new offer! Take me on a ten days' trial!

* * *

A Little Premature?

The gift of the bride to the bridegroom was a beautiful dressing down.

—*Denver (Colo.) Post.*



"I SAY THERE . . . ANYTHING WRONG?"



"THE NORTHERN LIGHTS HAVE SEEN QUEER SIGHTS"

potage canadien

Guile

AN embarrassing situation—and a novel method for overcoming it—is related in the case of a young Toronto actor who, while on his way to take part in an amateur performance, entered a street car dressed in an extravagant period costume. Having secured the only vacant seat in the car, he was shortly aware of the presence of a burly laborer who, in a belligerent and none-too-suppressed tone, grumbled for the benefit of all the passengers in general about young members of the idle rich going to their fancy dress parties and keeping a humble working man (*sic*) standing. He expatiated on the fripperies of the wealthy and the virtues of the poor for a great many car stops, until the young actor was the uncomfortable cynosure of all eyes. Finally he arrived at his destination and was faced with the trying ordeal of making his way out of the car. With admirable presence of mind, he assumed a pitifully crippled posture and slowly dragged himself to the exit door, where, aided by the conductor, he safely reached the kerb.

Sympathetic Advice

THE problem of building up a practice that confronts young

professional men has our heartiest interest. After long and arduous contemplation of the subject we have come to the conclusion that it would be a good idea for the young dentist—expanding the Chinese idea wherein doctors are only paid when their patients are well—to make an annual set charge to a number of patients, in return for which he would guarantee to keep their teeth in a satisfactory state. In most cases a saving in dentist bills could be effected for the patients and for the dentist there would be an assured income.

The medical profession, it is true, have through the formation of institutes adopted a somewhat similar procedure, but one shudders to think of the plight of the young doctor who might start out thus on his own and face the prospect of three calls a day in the homes of a few badly-chosen hypochondriacs. With the dentist it is different, as we can scarcely imagine a patient badgering a dentist for attention. About all the young doctor can do is to flood the sidewalk in front of his home these wintry mornings and hope for a few broken legs. And for the young lawyer, alas, there seems no hope. Even the ambulances go too fast these days.

A Night at an Inn

A PATHETIC scene was witnessed by one of our agents, who should have been in bed, about three o'clock on a blizzardy morning in Childs' King Street Restaurant. Two dismal adolescents sat together at a table looking mournfully at one another. A slight acquaintance with one of them prompted our agent to enquire the cause of the tragedy. "Well, you see," said one, "we have just come from a party and the tough part of it is, each of us told our parents we were going to spend the night at the other one's home, and the result is we haven't any place to go, so we've got to stay here."



It's a Madness

AN anecdote which is going the rounds of hibernating golfers, and which bears reprinting, concerns the man who was being tried for the murder of his wife. The prosecutor, waxing eloquent, was declaiming:

"Your honor, this fiend in human form was playing golf with his wife when suddenly, seizing his mashie, he beat her into insensibility."

"No kiddin'?" gasped his honor. "How many strokes?"

It's a Pleasure

EVIDENCE that the strain of civic elections is enough to make even great minds occasionally totter is shown in a report of a speech made by Mayor McBride during the last campaign. In the course of eulogizing an aspirant for office, His Worship referred to his favorite as "a Canadian, though he was born right in Toronto." Continuing, he is alleged to have said, "In fact, he was born just a few blocks from the house in which I had the pleasure of being born."

ANOTHER incident reported in connection with the last municipal fracas concerned an aldermanic candidate (not the gentleman who warned his electors against the danger of "changing asses in mid-stream") who was addressing with difficulty an audience in the Earls-court district. "All I want," he shouted, "is common sense!" "Yah," came back a voice from the rear of the hall or wherever it is that such voices do come from, "that's about all you DO want."



"DON'T YOU SHOW YOUR TEMPER AT ME, YOUNG MAN!"

The Rascal!

WE observe with interest the growing status of the Motor Show as a social event. In the midst of the aura of wealth and breeding surrounding these shindigs, one hesitates to ask a sales gentleman personal and intimate questions regarding the internal workings of one of the chariots super de luxe. A friend of ours, not altogether in sympathy with the uplift movement of motor-car selling, noting that the salesmen at these salons wore evening dress, had a lot of quiet if opprobrious fun. Attired in his best soup-and-fish, he wandered diffidently about among the creations of the designers, giving interestingly wrong information to the dozens of people who misguidedly asked him for details about various cars. "Yes," we overheard him say to an earnest prospect, "our car does cost \$200 more this year. But then, you see, this year we have made the vents horizontal instead of vertical. And we don't really care whether you buy one, anyway, so there!"

His only mishap occurred when he was accosted by a sales manager who did not remember placing the young man's name on his salary list. The indignant official was only appeased when the masquerader presented him with an order, the only one, rumcr hath it, that was received that evening.

Humanitarianism

KINDLY disposed Canadians who are advocating action on Canada's part to prevent the running of good Canadian liquor into the United States as a friendly act towards the citizens of that great nation need not claim for themselves a corner on humanitarianism. To one who has watched with mild interest the farce of prohibition-enforcement so-called in the United States, it is apparent that there will always be sufficient liquor, good, bad or indifferent, to satisfy the thirst demand. Canadians, amused, bored or angered by the spectacular and ineffectual antics of Congress and the law in this regard may well decide whether or not it is a more kindly act—provided that the United States intends to proceed in these hyster-

ical high jinks—to see to it that our neighbours do themselves as little harm as possible and supply them with refreshment that will neither blind, maim nor slay.

Monkey Business

A GENTLEMAN, who shall be of necessity nameless, recounts to us the following novel method of obtaining train reservations when none apparently exist. This young pirate is just finicky enough to insist upon obtaining a lower berth, at least. On being told by his hotel porter that none were available, he retired to his room and phoned the highest official on duty at the station. Feigning an impressively deep and important voice, he began:

"Look here," he said, "what's the meaning of this! This is Mr. E. Harrison Gadget of Toronto. Doubtless you know that we are one of the biggest shippers on your line and now I am told I cannot get a lower berth! Does this mean I will have to patronize another line in future?"

The voice at the other end of the wire was quite evidently impressed.

"Mr. Gadget," he said. "don't you worry in the slightest. Just put your mind at rest."

Mr. Gadget garrumped a little into the phone.

"Everything will be alright," continued the voice. "Just you come down here any time you like before train time and we'll have it all fixed up for you, but above all, Mr. Gadget, don't worry!"

The ingenious traveller arrived at the station a few minutes before the hour of departure, having prepared his appearance to the extent of engaging two red caps, and found himself the recipient of a small ovation at the hands of a reception committee of minor officials. With tender solicitude he was escorted safely in a lower berth in the centre of the car, only after he had refused a drawing room.

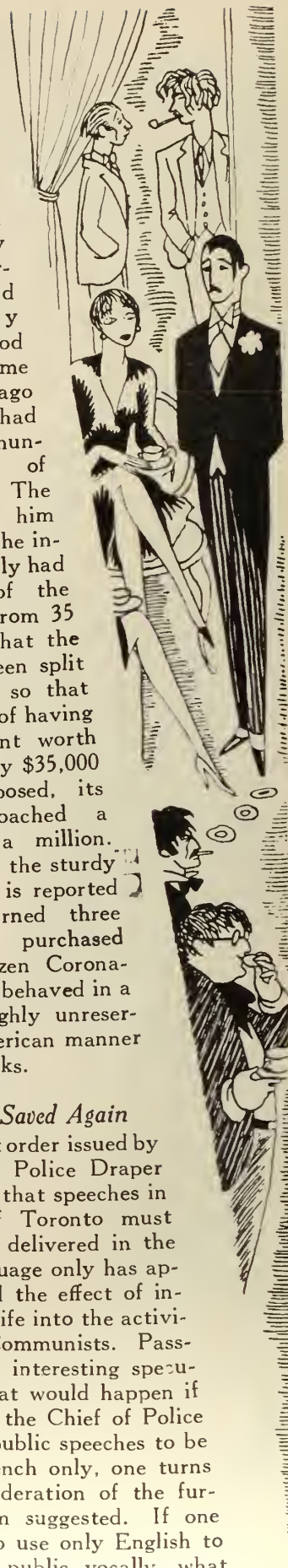
Investment

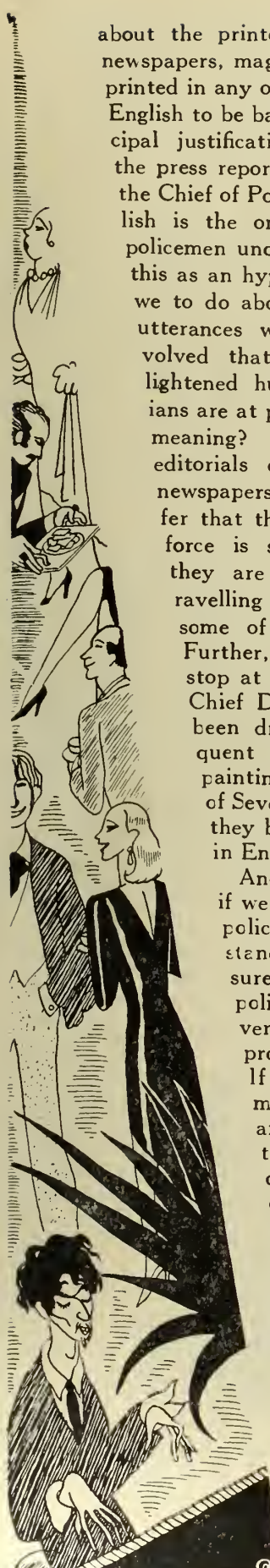
AN interesting anecdote which a nickel shorts may amuse themselves by relating concerns an Englishman, a comparative stranger in this country, who walked into a local broker's office and enquired in an offhand way

about Nickel. On being told that it was selling at 70, he allowed his stern British features to relax in an easy smile and averred that he had apparently made a good investment some three years ago when he had bought five hundred shares of Nickel at 35. The broker told him that during the interval not only had the value of the share risen from 35 to 70, but that the stock had been split six for one, so that now instead of having an investment worth approximately \$35,000 as he supposed, its value approached a quarter of a million. Hearing this, the sturdy Anglo-Saxon is reported to have turned three handsprings, purchased a half a dozen Corona-Coronas and behaved in a most thoroughly unreserved and American manner for three weeks.

The Empire Saved Again

THE recent order issued by Chief of Police Draper to the effect that speeches in the City of Toronto must hereafter be delivered in the English language only has apparently had the effect of injecting new life into the activities of the Communists. Passing over the interesting speculation of what would happen if in Montreal the Chief of Police ordered all public speeches to be made in French only, one turns to the consideration of the further problem suggested. If one is allowed to use only English to address the public vocally, what





about the printed word? Are all newspapers, magazines and books printed in any other language but English to be banned? The principal justification according to the press reports of the edict of the Chief of Police is that "English is the only language the policemen understand." Using this as an hypothesis what are we to do about those English utterances which are so involved that even such enlightened humans as Rotarians are at pains to grasp the meaning? What about the editorials of some of our newspapers? Are we to infer that the Toronto police force is so talented that they are capable of unravelling the mysteries of some of these effusions? Further, why must we stop at literature? Has Chief Draper's attention been drawn to the frequent exhibits of the paintings of the Group of Seven? Why cannot they be forced to paint in English?

And another thing, if we are to accept the policeman as the standard, we can surely expect that the policeman will do his very best to improve his grammar. If this thing goes much further, we are quite prepared to hear a traffic cop address a citizen in his usual impeccable style, something as follows: "Hey, you big, overgrown blin-kety - blank - blank, where t'hell ja think you're going?" And to hear the rejoinder of the erring motorist, "Aw, go

on back to Russia if you don't like our country!"

A further interesting sidelight on the situation which has not yet come to us from academic circles concerns a student in a German composition group who, upon being asked to read his essay, frowned fiercely upon the professor and said, "My dear sir, I must remind you that Toronto is still part of the British Empire!"

Fun with the Directory

A RECENT issue of the New Yorker contains a report of one of their specialists who spent an unmentioned period of study on the New York telephone book. Among other things he found that not only are Athos, Aramis and Porthos listed in the directory, but that Alexander Dumas is there himself, it was discovered that there is actually a man by the name of Butinsky and an individual bearing the euphonious name of Mr. Valentine Kiss. Many other items of like world-wide significance were discovered. A cursory glance through the Toronto directory revealed nothing more startling than that the city boasts a citizen by the name of Ida Kidd. We do recall, however, the case of a young man who decided to rechristen himself and who for some time was unable to convince even himself of the authenticity of his new name. Finally in a moment of frenzied inspiration he rushed down to the telephone company and had his name changed in its lists. This having been accomplished, he puffed out his chest and walked out of the office feeling like a new man.

Winter Sports

SKI-ING on the *Cote de la Neige* Road in Montreal is in full swing. Many Americans are numbered among the devotees of this sport. An utterly impossible story arises from the Montrealers' extremely ritzy habit of giving the name of this pastime its Norwegian pronunciation, which is, as far as we can render it, "*she-ing*." The fable concerns an unbelievably innocent American who, on accepting an invitation to slide down hills on

pieces of bent wood, was told to come early and bring a pair of "*shes*." It is related that he turned up with the switchboard operator and cigarette girl from his hotel, but had a good time anyway.

Barometer

A NOTHER sidelight on the financial situation comes from Montreal, where it was observed the other day that in the window of the Waterman Fountain Pen Company's *Rue St. Jacques* store in the heart of the financial district there were on display desk sets having as ornaments bronze bulls and bears. Our agent reports that the bulls outnumbered the bears three to one.

The Faculty in a Pet

ONCE again the sturdy spirit of our pioneer forefathers has shivered the attacking lance of the effete Younger Generation. Naturally, the scene of this drama was that hotbed of license, the campus of the University of Toronto. The affront in this case took the form of an editorial in the student paper, *The Varsity*, which actually—oh, shame!—defended the institution, art or what have you, of petting! At the time of going to press, the nefarious editor is reported to be awaiting the pleasure of the Faculty who are about to hang, draw, quarter, dismiss or spank this unregenerate menace. Away with the libertines!

Alibi

IT happened recently in a trial for alleged false income tax return. The accused, a little middle-aged Hebrew, assumed an injured air as he stood, hands folded, in the prisoner's box, listening to the judge as he sonorously intoned the charges in the indictment: "That you did conspire to defraud His Majesty the King of a sum of money to the evil example of all others in the like case offending, and against the peace of Our Sovereign Lord the King, his Crown and Dignity."

At the conclusion the little Hebrew shrugged his shoulders in a gesture of exasperation. "I neffer heard of it," he said.

The Time Clock Mystery



By
LESLIE
McFARLANE

HOW good a detective are you? Can you solve mysteries as well as the next one? Or better? Here is your opportunity to test yourself. Goblin takes pleasure in presenting to its readers a series of entertaining and baffling mystery yarns by Leslie McFarlane. The solution of the case here set forth will be found on page 38 with a full explanation of deductions made. A very interesting game and excellent antidote to contract-bridgitis consists of matching your wits against the rest of the party. You will see that points are allotted for correct solutions. Do not turn to page 38 until you have noted your answers. How high can you score?

AT 1.30 on the morning of January 15th, 1926, a red light flashed in the Toronto office of a concern specializing in electric protection of banks, warehouses, office buildings, factories and private homes. The man on duty caught the signal and promptly studied a complicated recording apparatus which told him that the watchman in the Carlin Shoe Factory had failed to punch time clock No. 5 on schedule.

This protective system is ingenious and its workings are not generally known. The central office of the service is electrically connected with time clocks in all buildings it is commissioned to guard. When a watchman punches a clock, this is automatically recorded at headquarters and the service official knows that all is well. If the watchman fails to punch the clock on scheduled time, the warning light flashes and inquiry is made at once.

A record in the office showed that time clock No. 5 was located

in the furnace room of the Carlin office building. Clocks 1, 2, 3 and 4 had been punched promptly on time, at half-hour intervals previously. Occasionally, accidents happen, so the service man called the office of the shoe factory by telephone. In a few minutes he received an answer:

"Carlin Shoe Factory."

"Who is speaking?" asked the service man.

"The Watchman. McGinnis."

"You didn't report from Number Five. Anything wrong?"

"I was just going to call you. The clock is broken. Everything is okay here. I'll report from Number Six in the office here at two o'clock as usual."

The service man made a note of the call and the conversation, satisfied that nothing was amiss. However, at 2 o'clock he glanced at the record and saw that No. 6 at the Carlin factory had been punched exactly on the hour. But at 3.30 the red light flashed again. Clock No. 9, located in the shipping department, had not reported, although No. 7 and No. 8, in widely distant parts of the factory, had been punched at 2.30 and 3.00 o'clock respectively.

This time, a telephone call brought no reply. A man was at once despatched by motorcycle to the factory with duplicate keys, whereby he gained entrance to the office.

There he found McGinnis, the watchman, an old and trusted employee of the company, lying dead, his skull crushed.

The police were notified and they, in turn, notified Josiah Clemens, manager of the Carlin

company, and roused him from his bed. He hastened to the office and opened the safe. He found that the weekly payroll, amounting to \$8,000 in cash, which was to have been distributed that day, had disappeared.

THE police sought clues. There were no fingerprints, but beneath the safe lay a small scrap of sandpaper. McGinnis, the watchman, lay near a door leading to the basement. On the stairs, halfway to the basement, was an apple from which several bites had been taken. Down in the furnace room, some considerable distance from the office, was a lunch pail identified as belonging to the dead watchman. It was empty.

The detectives found nothing more in the way of clues, although they did find that time clock No. 5, in the furnace room, was in good working order.

The office safe had been opened very neatly, either by someone who knew the combination or by a criminal expert in solving such problems. This narrowed the zone of search to:

(a) Company officials acquainted with the combination.

(b) Criminals capable of opening the safe without the use of explosives.

In order to narrow the field still further the police found that it was essential to establish, to a reasonable degree of certainty, the time of the murder and the approximate time spent in perpetration of the killing and the robbery. Checking up on the time clocks they found that clock No. 4 was not far distant from the furnace room and that when the watchman punched No. 4 at 1 o'clock he usually made his way directly to the furnace room, attended to the fire, ate his lunch, punched No. 5 at 1.30 and went up to the office, where No. 6 was located, at 2 a.m. These clocks were so close together that he was thus able to take an hour for lunch, with but one interruption. He then resumed his round, punching Nos. 7, 8 and 9 at half-hour intervals. These clocks were located in widely distant parts of

the factory, twenty minutes' walk apart.

First of all the police questioned witnesses who came under the first category, company officials acquainted with the combination. These were Josiah Clemens, the manager, and Kinburne, the cashier of the firm.

IT was known that Clemens had suffered financial reverses and that he had been playing the stock market unsuccessfully. The police questioned him as to his movements on the night in question. He said he went to bed at 10 o'clock on the night of the 14th and knew nothing about the affair until the police notified him by telephone. He was alone in the house, his wife being out of the city, so he was unable to prove conclusively that he had not been out of the house, and to this extent he remained under suspicion.

Nor could Kinburne, the cashier, prove that he was not in the factory that night. He knew the combination of the safe, had access to the office at all times, and lived at a small hotel but a block away. He had not gone to bed before 2.30 a.m., the night clerk remembering that he came in at that hour. Kinburne said he had been playing poker with some chance acquaintance at an uptown hotel, but when he was asked to bring him forward to prove his story he

was unable to do so as he had checked out. He said he had been with him from 9 o'clock the previous evening until after 2 o'clock in the morning.

Herbert Clemens, son of the manager, also employed in the office of the firm, was questioned. He did not know the combination of the safe, but police included him in the zone of suspicion because he had a key to the office, knew the layout of the buildings and was aware of the presence of the payroll. Furthermore, his reputation was not of the best, as he was known to be a gambler and heavy drinker. Checking up on his movements they found that he had gone up to his apartment shortly before midnight on the night of the crime. The elevator man, who went off duty at midnight, testified to this. Clemens said he had not left the apartment that night, but it was, of course, possible that he might have walked down the stairs after the elevator stopped running.

Two former convicts were picked

up by the police in their search for suspects under the second category.

These were Pinky Trimm and Red Clancy, both experts at solving safe and vault combinations. Pinky Trimm produced a counter-man at an all-night lunch room to prove that he had been in the lunchroom at 1.30 on the night in question. He left a few minutes later and went to his room, he said, but he was unable to prove his story of his movements after 1.30.

Clancy said he was laid up with a cold and had been in bed at his lodging house from 7 p.m. until late next morning, but he could produce only the cold by way of proof.

By carefully studying the clues outlined above, and by applying the process of elimination to the five suspects, the police were able to arrive at a solution and clear up the case.

(1) At approximately what time was McGinnis murdered? (3 marks.)

(2) Was the crime the work of one man? (2 marks.)

(3) Who entered the office that night? (5 marks.)

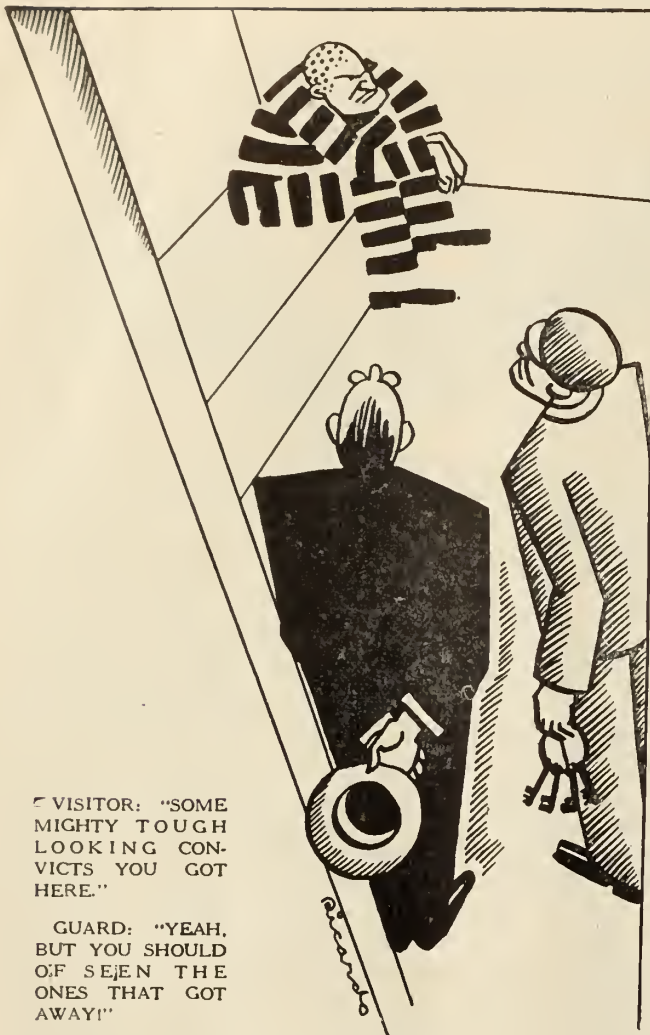
(4) How do you deduce it? (4 marks.)

(5) How would you reconstruct the story of what took place in the building from 1.00 a.m. and 3.30 a.m.? (6 marks.)

(Solution on page 38)



"WELL, THAT'S THAT—AND THE NEXT TIME I MARRY FOR LOVE!"



VISITOR: "SOME MIGHTY TOUGH LOOKING CONVICTS YOU GOT HERE."

GUARD: "YEAH, BUT YOU SHOULD O.F. SEEN THE ONES THAT GOT AWAY!"

Barber Beware!

I'LL spare your life when telling me
(The while you mutter persiflage)
How much more clear my skin would be
Were I to take a face massage.

I'll grimly grin when you propose
Your futile facial lotions, sir.
My placid mien will not disclose
My murderous emotions, sir.

I'll laugh at all your quips with zest.
And calmly let you toil for me.
You're even safe when you suggest.
Shampoo of olive oil for me.

But as you seize the Rum of Bay
And start to rub it in on top,
I'll slay you, barber, if you say:
"Your hair is getting thin on top!"

—ARTHUR L. LIPPMANN.

* * *

The Anglophobes

"It doesn't pay to drive down the left hand side of the street in Chicago."

"It doesn't anywhere, that I know of."

"No, but there, in addition to fining you for breaking the traffic rules, they tack on an extra \$50 for imitating the English."

Jobs for the New Mechanical Man

HE will feed exclusively on a diet of old razor blades. In the middle of the night he will steal silently into my bedroom and set the alarm clock one half an hour fast. In the morning, when awakened, I will say, in mock irritability, "Doggone that crazy clock!" and then sink blissfully into another half hour of precious sleep.

He will escort my wife to the movies when I feel like staying at home and reading.

He will kill on sight, people who sneak into parking spaces ahead of me, kazoo players, golf alibiers, intelligence contest addicts, and persons who remark: "You can't play 'em if you haven't got the cards."

He will have a law passed against detours.

He will terrify gatemen and engineers into allowing me to catch suburban trains which I would otherwise have missed.

He will fix that broken shelf in the upper hall closet.

He will issue counterfeit pasteboards to all business acquaintances of mine who want six seats on the fifty-yard line to the biggest game of the season.

He will cut in on me at dances when I get stuck with a wallflower.

He will tune out bedtime stories, household hints, and wise-cracking announcers, and will see that the B batteries never get run down.

—PARKE CUMMINGS.



Mrs. Gnu: "Isn't it terrible the way those nauseating Skunks are trying to break into our set?"

Mrs. Lion: "Console yourself, my dear. They'll never be any more than rank outsiders."

The Train Announcer Proposes

"Number 237, John W. Fulton arriving now in the vestibule from Ottawa, Smith's Falls, Cobourg, Mruidgakh, and Haafgdhagytscx! Dearest it's wonderful to see you, my one and only! I've known girls from San Francisco, Vancouver, St. Louis, Halifax, Chicago, North Bay AND Altona but I've never never never seen one to compare with you!"

"Yes, yes, go on."

"Marry me darling and I'll give you dining cars, drawing rooms, day coaches, sleepers—everything your heart desires. I'll give—"

"But where shall we live?"

"Wherever you say. Winnipeg, Hamilton, Victoria, Oakville, Quebec, Buffalo, New Orleans, Sudbury, Atlanta OR Port Credit leaving now on track—I mean whenever you say the word. Darling I'm burning to WAAHOO-WAA TOGHIJFDS BEEHETU-CBF ZOOOHFRPQIDS AND KIGSHAHDUNFD YOU!"

"What?"

"I said I'm burning to take you in my arms and kiss you."

"Oh, John. Just once now."

"And you'll MAALFHDNY-HGFDH VIIIEGHDNA HOR-OOOOO?"

"Yes. I'll marry you."

"Hooray! All aboard for the honeymoon special Niagara Falls, Atlantic City, Hot Springs, Pasadena and the Florida Coast. ALL ABOARD!"

PARKE CUMMINGS.

* * *

Reply to a Letter

*CALL me little, call me false
That I should love again,
Toss me back the pretty vows
That I made you then.*

*Turn away and count our love
Less than its begetting,
Think a heart that sings once more
Scarcely worth forgetting.*

*You who taught me first of all
To wish that I were dead,
To tread an empty street at night
And weep across a bed.*

—CELIA GEORGES.



"That's certainly a very lifelike snowman you have there. I almost thought I saw it move."

"Maybe you did, mis'ter, we've got my brother Jimmy inside."



"So this is your dream man! Say, dearie, you ain't been eating anything heavy lately, have you?"

The Truthful Old-Timer

BY P. W. LUCE

ABEL STUBBLE, the stout old pioneer of Stump County, had just attained his hundredth birthday. So, as in duty bound, the "Daily Whisper" despatched its star reporter to the county poor-house for an interview.

"Thanks. Don't mind if I do," said Old Abe, accepting the mild cigar which is always a preliminary to interviews with centenarians. "Fire away with your questions, son, but you mustn't mind if I tell you the truth. My memory ain't what it used to be, and I dassen't trust myself to lie on a wholesale scale no more."

"You were the first settler in Stump County, Mr. Stubble," began the reporter. "What splendid inspiration led you to challenge the forces of nature in so remote a district?"

"Lack of brains, I guess," answered Old Abe, laconically. "I never could figure it out no other way."

"You must have had a wonderful faith in the future of the country to stay there through all the hard times of those first fifty years."

"No. I always knew the place was no good, but I never could get far enough ahead to quit."

"Your dear wife, courageous sharer of your joys and sorrows, must have been a great inspiration to you in those trying times. Do you wish to pay a touching tribute to her memory?"

"What you say will sound fine in print, but, Boy! you never met my Sarah! She not only shared my sorrows, she started most of 'em! Once she nagged me for seven hours on end without stopping to take breath, and another time—"

"Perhaps we'd better not go into those details," suggested the reporter. "We must respect the traditions, you know. Besides, it must be remembered that you lived hundreds of miles from a railroad."

"What difference did that make? We wasn't going anywhere."

"All the same—however did you manage to get along without

automobiles, electricity, movies, radios, and canned goods?"

"Why not?" demanded Old Abe, a trifle peevishly. "Don't you moderns get along nicely without Penovas, cheefoos, masgacalos, and tribinidiliums?"

The representative of the "Daily Whisper" spread a puzzled frown over his lofty brow.

"I'm afraid I'm not exactly familiar with Penovas and—and those other things you mentioned," he explained. "What are they?"

"I don't know," answered Mr. Stubble. "They won't be invented for fifty years or so, and then the generation of that day will wonder how you old-timers managed to get along without them. You get the point?"

"Almost," admitted the reporter. "But, coming back to Stump County of long ago: did you have much trouble with the Indians?"

"Well, some," admitted the centenarian, with a reminiscent chuckle. "But better go light on that, boy. Some of those bucks in buckskin were inclined to be jealous, and the less said about what happened the better. We've all been young, you know."

"What was the greatest thrill of your career, Mr. Stubble?"

"Well, I guess it happened back in '51," drawled Old Abe. "That was when I asked the hired man to pull one of my teeth the day after I'd fired him, and he was

just sticking around until he could get his wages."

"He was a little rough, perhaps?"

"Not a little, but a lot. And he yanked out the wrong tooth, and then gave me a terrible licking in the fight that followed. I still get all het up when I think about it."

"The 'Daily Whisper' has authorized me—if it meets with your approval—to arrange for the holding of a little party of old-timers in honour of your birthday, Mr. Stubble. I take it you would feel a real pleasure in meeting some of the other pioneers of Stump County on this auspicious occasion."

"Heaven forbid!" fairly shouted Old Abe. "Keep that bunch away from me! Of all the ornery creatures. . . . Say, young fellow, I'd walk a mile, game leg and rheumatism and all, to avoid meeting the best of that poor lot, and you can put that in big red type if you want to!"

"One last question, Mr. Stubble, but a most important one. To what do you attribute your great age?"

"Well, I've thought on it some," admitted the truthful old-timer, "and I've just about come to the conclusion that having been born in 1829 has a great deal to do with it!"

* * *

The Tuesday Evening Literary Club

*Twenty lovesick maidens we,
Lovesick all against our will.
Twenty years from now we'll be
Twenty lovesick maidens still.*

—B.S.—



SENSITIVE SOUL: "GOOD HEAVENS, DEAR! HOW MANY TIMES HAVE ASKED YOU NOT TO DROP ASHES ON THE FLOOR!"



goblin goes to the movies

with Carroll Carroll



ELL, this is the month you do your Christmas paying early.

You know, sometimes I get to thinking there must be more to coincidence than just mere coincidence. For instance, before me I have a neatly typed press sheet from the informative Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Company. That, in itself, is not exactly a coincidence. I keep the home fires burning with just such press sheets. But when it's coupled with a story I heard the other day . . . but all this explanation is a sheer waste of words and at \$1.00 a word figure out for yourself how I spend money.

The press sheet claims, "Lon Chaney says that given one eye, he can tell almost any story in pantomime."

Long an admirer of Mr. Chaney's work, I should have believed this even had I not heard the aforementioned story which—just give me time—is to follow. I got the yarn from a girl who once lived next door to him. That my informant was disowned for running off to a dance with Lon when she was only fifteen, is only a side-light to the tale.

Chaney was the town bad-boy because he smoked cigarettes and didn't go to school. He didn't go to school because he had to help support the family. His mother was a deaf mute and his father was that amazing anomaly, a deaf and dumb barber. Talking to his parents, neither of whom could hear him, naturally (or at all), had a great deal to do with stimulating Lon's pantomimic abilities. The final stimulus came, however, when Lon's mother, after a paralytic stroke, lost the use of her hands. Now think that over, remembering she was deaf and dumb.

Lon, who acted as her nurse, and his mother, created for themselves a fool-proof means of thought communication through the use of the eyes alone. Is it any wonder he is the great actor that he is? The answer is, "No, there's no graft in this story."

THE first film to be considered this month is "Homecoming," a German importation. It has only three characters, who work out a little triangle idea that once occurred to Tennyson. These characters are Lars Hansen, excellent as a lost husband, who isn't; Gustav Froelich as the returned best friend, and Dita Parlo, a miniature Evelyn Brent, as the wife who transfers her affections.

The value of the piece lies in the purity of its motion picture technique. Nowhere does it employ

mechanical devices, orchestral chords or vocal cords, to put over an idea. Erich Pommer, the director, who was imported from Germany to Hollywood and then exported for some reason, has given this variation on Enoch Arden (and not such a variation at that) such excellent direction that the folks in California will likely be seeing him soon again.

AND now for three more or less talking pictures, none of which is bad. "Interference" was a not very fine play that was given glamour by talented acting. It makes no better an all-talking film but once more it is given glamour by masterly production. It marks the zenith, to date, of talking picture achievement. So well are the voices recorded and so nicely modulated, one has only to shut ones eyes to believe people are actually on the stage speaking. The cast of "Interference", headed by Clive Brook, William Powell, Doris Kenyon and Evelyn Brent, is fine. Miss Brent, I am forced to admit, is much better seen than heard.

In "Alias Jimmy Valentine" William Haines is again an improvement on his old self. I still don't like him, but I'm willing to admit there's hope. The old play has been tricked out to fit the sort of person Haines plays. This makes the once suave Valentine a smart-aleck Jimmy. But it's pretty amusing so why worry.

Only when the picture suddenly bursts into conversation at the end do things get a bit unconsciously funny. And it is at this point that Lionel Barrymore, only a featured player under Haines, the star, makes the rest of the cast look and sound like so many church benefit amateurs.

"The Barker" was originally made as a silent film. Then they got to synchronizing it. Then they stuck in bits of conversation here and there. With all this they didn't succeed in spoiling it, so it must have been a peach of a silent drama.

For the first time in his life Milton Sills plays a part that doesn't make you yearn for Mothersill's. And Dorothy Mac-



"... BEFORE I'D 'AVE A SHAPE LIKE THAT!"

kail has a good part at last. Young Doug, Fairbanks and Betty Compson are also pleasantly present. If you can forgive the words "The Barker" speaks it's okay. I can.

"The Viking" is interesting because in this age of mechanical accompaniment it calls for a real orchestra. Besides, it is all in color. It differs from the others that have been all in color in that each color sticks to itself. To be sure, they're all still too bright, but maybe someone will do something about that. If they don't us movie "cryptics" will all have conjunctivitis and by that I do not mean an overdose of "ands" and "buts." Maybe we could use some well directed butts. Herbert Tareytons, please.

"**B**EHIND the German Lines" is the other fellow's side of that little fracas that enabled us to beat our gas masks into false faces and our bayonets into baloney knives. It is told almost dispas-

sionately and makes the interesting disclosure that there was never any doubt in the German consciousness that they, too, were in a large sized war. Yes, judging by the magnificently animated and instructive map covering four years of fighting on five fronts—and it is this map that makes the film worth seeing—the "Huns" fought a mighty pretty war. It's interesting to note audience reaction to this picture. How's the good-will in your neighborhood? It's swell in mine. They even go for Von Hindenberg. Remember? He's the man who used to eat starving Belgian babies for breakfast. Well, a soldier such as he was had to have some nourishment.

And Briefly

"OUTCAST"—Corinne Griffith in a dull one that has a very amusing burlesque interlude to recommend it.

"THE MASKS OF THE DEVIL"—Jack Gilbert in something adapted

from Wasserman that resembles something taken from Wilde. Yes and no.

"UNEASY MONEY"—Foreign made with a banknote for a hero. Given a better story this one of how money bats around would have been fine. The idea is wasted.

"ARORATION"—Billie Dove looks lovely and if that's enough for you go see.

"SOMEBODY TO LOVE"—Not the best picture ever made.

"REVENGE"—Dolores del Rio. "Revenge" *should* follow "Ramona" but after this one it is the vendetta.

"RILEY THE COP"—There ought to be a law.

"MANHATTAN COCKTAIL"—A pretty weak one.

* * *

Credo Modernique

*NEVER wax enthusiastic
Don't wear anything elastic.
Throw away your gowns and sable.
Rent a room above a stable.
Paint a horse, a cow, or tree,
Call it "Lovers by the Sea."
Buy a bed just like a coffin.
Eat a bit but not too often.
Do most anything that's drastic,
Learn to be iconoclastic.
These, with tendencies sadistic
Make one ultra-modernistic.*

—ALICE RAYFIEL SIEGMEISTER.



NOW, MY DEAR, DO LET ME TREAT! REMEMBER I HAVE A HUSBAND!

disc releases

LISTEN, my children, and you shall hear how Ted Lewis made me weep into my beer. The instrument was the twirling soup plate and the tune was "She's Funny That Way" (Columbia). Some orchestras are mean, but what I mean Ted Lewis's band in this number is composed of a bunch of old meanies. Then on the back of it they play one of those look-up-and-smile numbers for which Lewis is famous, "Wear a Hat with a Silver Lining." "Any old hat, your grandfather's hat, your grandmother's hat," sings Lewis, the vocalist, "will do."

The music factory of De Silva-Brown-Henderson which seems to be responsible for most of the hit pieces on Broadway is responsible for "Pompanola," one of the most stirring, quick-time, strike-up-the-band foxtrots we have heard in many moons. Waring's Pennsylvanians thump it out thrillingly for Victor. Its rhythm is like the smell of smoke to an old fire horse.

My little friends will remember that Daddy Moon went suddenly gaga last month over a Guy Lombardo platter called "My Old Girl's My New Girl Now" (Columbia). The same piece reappears this month with a few different bars and a different lyric under the title of "Happy Days and Lonely Nights." The latter version is a little more obvious and we believe will be the more popular. June Pursell, the vocalist, whom the record strangely labels a comedienne, sings it in conjunction with the very hot accompaniment of Roy Fox whom his boy friends have nicknamed "the Whispering Cornetist," and what withering whispers he wheedles from that tortured instrument (Brunswick). It's just lovely, that's what it is. And you can dance to it.

"YOU'RE the Cream In My Coffee" seems to be knocking 'em dead in a highly satisfactory manner, although Harpo Marx refers to someone as "the thumb in his coffee" and Walter Winchell avers that Irene Bordoni's husband, E. Ray Geetz, according

to the news items seems to be the salt in her coffee—well, anyway, it will be as popular or more so through the efforts of Lou Gold and his orchestra (Apex). It's oke here.

A pathetic ballad and a don't-turn-it-over-put-it-on-again fox-trot is "How About Me?" played with loving care by that famous maestro, Ben Bernie and his harmony harriers (Brunswick). This selection also grows in popularity through the efforts of the Rose Room Orchestra (Apex).

Another number that appears pleasingly on a pair of platters is "I'll Get By". The Ipana Troubadors do it for Columbia while Irving Aaronson's Commanders snap into it for Victor, and we can't complain either way.

Now that we have got so far, perhaps it would be safe to introduce "The Mooche". "The Mooche," ladies and gentlemen and lit-tle chil-dren, is a slow, torrid, knocked-down, dragged out, weeping melody, bluer than the smoke in the dark brown Cotton Club, from which Harlem joy-joint Duke Ellington and his orchestra play it (Brunswick). After that you will probably want something soft and soothing, so we suggest Lee Sims playing that popular Aberdonian number, "I Can't Give You Anything But Love" (Brunswick). He also accommodates with "Sonny Boy" as an encore. You may be tired of these numbers other ways, but you will like them a la Sims.

AND if you can stand another "Sonny Boy" record, and we'll hope you will be a nice reader and stand just one more, we have the John McCormack (Victor) version, on the back of which he gently intones "Jeannine, I Dream of Lilac Time."

Now folks, time's getting late and it's a long show so I won't take up much more of your time. There are several good numbers to follow, but I'll just mention "Marie," played by Adrian Schubert's Salon Orchestra (Apex), "My Blackbirds are Bluebirds Now," played for Victor by Jean Goldkette and



Roll Back Your Rugs and Dance to Columbia Music

*Here are some of the latest
Columbia Records*

- 1628 D Sweethearts on Parade
(Fox Trot)
That's How I Feel About
You (Fox Trot)
Guy Lombardo and his Royal
Canadians
- 1630 D Just a Sweetheart (Fox Trot)
Where is the Song of Songs
for Me (Waltz)
Paul Whiteman and his
Orchestra
- 1651 D My Suppressed Desire
(Fox Trot)
What a Girl! What a
Night! (Fox Trot)
Verne Buck and his Orchestra
- 1653 D The Spell of the Blues
(Fox Trot)
High up on a Hill-top
(Fox Trot)
Guy Lombardo and his Royal
Canadians
- 1654 D Mia Bella Rosa (Fox Trot)
Sally of My Dreams
(Fox Trot)
The Bereson All Star
Orchestra

*And in their latest record
Moran and Mack are a
scream. You'll laugh like
anything when you hear it.*

- 1652 D TWO BLACK CROWS
IN HADES, Part 1 and
2—Moran and Mack.

Columbia
NEW PROCESS RECORDS
COLUMBIA
PHONOGRAPH COMPANY
LIMITED
TORONTO

orchestra, "Me and the Man in the Moon," played by Guy Lombardo and His Royal Canadians (Columbia), "Let's Do It, Let's Fall in Love," played by William F. Werges and his orchestra (Brunswick), all of which are recommended. (*Business of bowing*).

—STEPHEN MOON.

* * *

Riddle

"What is it that lives in a barn, eats oats, walks on four legs, and can see as well from behind as from the front?"

"I'll bite, what is it?"

"A blind horse."

—M. I. T. *Voo Doo*.

* * *

Perfectly Moral

Dean: "Don't you know you shouldn't play strip poker?"

Sweet Young Thing: "Oh, it's perfectly all right. It's not really gambling."

Dean: "What!"

S. Y. T.: "No; you see we get our clothes back."

—Cornell *Ollapod*.

* * *

Clever

"Say, is your dog clever?"

"Clever! I should say so. When I say, 'Are you coming or aren't you?' he comes or he doesn't."

—Harvard *Lampoon*.

* * *

He: "I just heard of a girl who takes a shower and dresses in three minutes."

She: "Why, that isn't so wonderful!"

He: "I'd like to see you do it."

—Dartmouth *Jack-o'-Lantern*.

* * *

Gamma: "They say that Horace Glamph is a pauper now."

Phi: "Oh, dear, to think that one so young should have a child!"

—Columns.

* * *

Turned Up At the Bottom

Salesman (to Rastus): "A pair of shoes for your son? What size does he wear?"

Rastus: "Whut size? Why, dat boy goes around draggin' half his body along de ground!"

—Beanpot.

books

WE have just realized that a little book published some time ago and very popular, we understand, too, has not been receiving the attention it deserves at the hands of the book reviewers, poor souls. This "Slim volume," almost one might say if one disregarded its importance, this slender pamphlet, is published by the Ontario Liquor Commission and perhaps the reason that the literary scribes have passed it up is due to the fact that the editors have not yet seen fit to increase the miserly starvation remuneration upon which these pitiful epistolers live to an extent sufficient to arouse their interest in the publishing activities of the said Liquor Commission. It is a neat little book bound attractively in green containing several nice cream-colored pages. A large sale is reported with copies still going fast at the popular price of \$2. Its reading matter may unfold for you all the drama in human existence. Tragedy and humor, inspiration and nonsense are found herein inscribed in a style remarkable in its reserve, in its terse symbolism. It is a book which must hold as many varieties of significance as there are human beings. Never since Balzac has such a *comédie humaine* been produced. We advise the reader that he will get out of it just so much as he puts into it.

Arnold Bennett's latest effusion, "Accident," might be called diverting and probably will be. If it lacks high seriousness, it contains high humor. It is the story of Mr. Alan Frith-Walter's holiday trip. Mr. Frith-Walter's trip involves the company of his son and his daughter-in-law and a few other travellers on the Rome Express. Mr. Bennett's Rome Express flies across the Italian countryside on rails of irony, whistling delight and throwing out sparks of wit. I think you will like it.

The title of Isa Glenn's latest

novel, "Transport" does not refer to ecstasy. It is, in a matter-of-fact way, the chronicle of a trip on an American army transport between San Francisco and Manila and the doings conscious, sub-conscious and mostly conversational, of its oddly assorted personnel of officers and their wives. All in all, they are rather unpleasant people and somewhat absorbed with sex. It's one of those books you love to hate.

We approach "Elizabeth and Essex; A Tragic History" by Lytton Strachey with reverence. We are reminded of the C.P.R.'s famous statement "to say Tremendous—see Banff". One must paraphrase it, "to say Magnificent—read 'Elizabeth and Essex'". English literature and English history is enriched by this significant, sympathetic and graphic picture of the Elizabethan scene. Out of dry documents Strachey has recaptured flesh and blood and the ticking of minds long dust.

We had sort of gone back on Philip Gibbs after being not so keen about "The Age of Reason," upon which point of view several dozens of estimable people have disagreed with us; but we feel better about it and are doing quite well, thank you, over his latest, "Darkened Rooms". The general theme, that of the attempt of a living lover to communicate through Spiritualism with a dead lover, is not cakes and coffee to us, but Gibbs has succeeded in making a thoroughly interesting novel out of this doubtful material. Heartily recommended.

We have a personal and peculiar lack of interest in volumes of short stories, but "Action, and Other Stories," by C. E. Montague one feels is important. The stories in this volume are so perfectly written that one can read straight through as in a novel with sustained interest.

—ALDEN DANIELS.



New York, London, Paris . . . symbols of everything amusing, bizarre, hysteric! Moths by the thousand are drawn to them from afar, to be singed of their bank-rolls and peace of mind. When at last they stumble away, what have they really done? Seen half a dozen shows at \$5 a ticket. Spent several dull dawns at the better-known and more stupid night clubs. Lived too expensively at a middle-class hotel. Eaten 30 mediocre dinners. With luck, met a few minor celebrities. Spent perhaps \$2,500 for one month's incomplete entrée into only one of the gay capitals of the world. They go home wondering how they have missed so much of the advertised glamour. How pathetic! How extravagant! How much better to spend \$1 for five months' intimacy with everything really amusing in all three capitals . . . under the expert guidance of *Vanity Fair*!

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Goblin gives a prize of five dollars for the best letter published each month. No attention will be paid to anonymous letters.

The Five Dollar Prize-Winning Letter

985 McMillan Avenue,
Winnipeg,
Jan. 14th, 1929.

Editor, GOBLIN,
Toronto, Ont.

Dear Sir:

A paper of publicity,
Brim full of eccentricity,
Combined with sweet simplicity
is GOBLIN.

It really has variety,
Mixed with some notoriety,
But not so strong on piety—
Bad GOBLIN.

Its writers have ability,
They scribble with facility,
Their verses reek agility
In GOBLIN.

Some readers may be critical,
And others analytical;
Their efforts are most pitiful—
Poor GOBLIN.

We read it most delightfully,
And dislike those who spitefully
Knock—anything but rightfully—
Our GOBLIN.

FRED CHAPMAN.

* * *

Appreciation!

Rutland P.O., B.C.
Jan. 23rd, 1929.

The Editor of the GOBLIN,
86 Adelaide St. E.,
Toronto, Ont.

Dear Sir:

I received the GOBLIN for the first time to-day, so I thought I had

better drop you a letter of appreciation!

Here are a few of the things I like about your magazine.

Firstly, I consider it is the greatest collection of "Yankee" trash, that any true Canadian magazine would have the utter gall to publish.

Secondly, I consider you have awarded the wrong letter in your columns of "Free Speech" the five dollar prize in the last issue, and in my mind and likely many others, that the letter by Norman T. Newell is the winner.

Thirdly, this issue's collection of remarks in regard to Mr. Bennett is the "cat's meow" as far as literature is concerned, and

even if these were facts (which I would like you to prove they were); even I, a narrow-headed liberal (and does like fair play) could not throw such disguised mud at an honorary opponent. And fourthly, I can read through the "Goblin" from cover to cover, stop, rest my eyes a little, read from cover to cover again, then put it down, and it hasn't done you any harm or any good; I am sure this is a great advantage to any paper, it is such light reading, yes light, not heavy, and again I say "light."

As heretofore mentioned, I suggested that Norman T. Newell should have been the winner, for submitting the best letter in your last issue, you will naturally say that I must think this should be the winning letter in the next issue. Of course I do, why it would be absolute folly to think that you wouldn't award me the



"YOU DO GIVE SUCH PERFECT PARTIES, ALICE. IS THERE ANYONE HERE YOU'D LIKE TO MEET?"
—New Yorker.

V; and then there is the renewal of my subscription too, to consider.

Thanking you in advance for publishing this letter in your valuable columns of the GOBLIN.

I am,

Yours very truly,

G. B. HARRISON.

* * *

Interesting People!

518 Ontario St.,

Toronto,

22-1-29.

Editor,

GOBLIN Magazine.

Dear Sir:

To-day, 22nd Jan., and GOBLIN magazine is still on the run. I must say it shows that GOBLIN is becoming one of the world's greatest magazines for every month of the year you see so many interesting people with a GOBLIN magazine in their hands.

Yours sincerely,

MISS E. CARTER.

* * *

A Word from the West

January 17, 1929.

123-12th Ave.,

San Francisco,

California,

U.S.A.

Editor "Free Speech" Department.

Dear Sir:

May I say a word in praise of Canada's method of dealing with cold-bloodedly cruel, dangerously inhuman murderers, such as Nelson, "The Ape Man."

There is a certain type of criminal which it seems the world is helpless to stop the creation of. Education, better standards of living, and better standards of morals, have absolutely no effect on this type; rather most of these criminals seem to come, not from the slums, or from poor circumstances, but from surroundings of a pleasantly middle class nature.

I do not know how science explains this peculiar animal twist, in the mind of an otherwise (apparently) intelligent human being, nor what causes it, but I do know that sane, or insane, Canada's policy of swift justice is the best way of protecting the world at large from at least one dangerous beast.

Sincerely,

C. DETTMER.



First Impression

116 Lakeshore Boulevard,
Toronto, January 19, 1929.

Editor, GOBLIN.

86 Adelaide Street, East,
Toronto, Ont.

Dear Sir:

A new subscriber.

I will admit that when I first picked up a copy of the GOBLIN I wondered what there was to it. On perusal of a couple of copies it began to unfold itself to me.

There is so much heavy literature published these days that it is a rare treat to get something that will entertain you and at the same time be beneficial to you, for there is a morale in the apparent light jokes. To read it regularly is to appreciate its value to one.

I think it is a most cleverly got up magazine, and the drawings are most original. That is what we need now-a-days, something different from the ordinary. On the whole, I would say that the GOBLIN is an outstanding magazine for originality, dexterity and entertainment, and I wish it continued prosperity.

Yours very truly,

LUCY A. FRENCH.

In Which We are Defended

Locust Hill, Ontario.

To the Editor,
GOBLIN Magazine,
Toronto.

Sir:

So, five dollars for a letter and free speech? Fine! Can I say what I like? Well, this it is.

Have been taking the GOBLIN for three months and fail to see anything disgusting in it. The most innocent statement, printed in a spirit of fun and meant only to cheer us up and draw a smile from some who might be lonely, can be perverted by a corrupt mind and a mind that sees red and thinks red or yellow. I am a Canadian, thoroughbred, and extremely particular what I read and I am not afraid to let anyone know I am reading all of the GOBLIN. For I know no Canadian editor either could or would write disgusting articles in his magazine which is open for all to see.

Long live the GOBLIN!

Wishing you increasing success and a Happy New Year.

Mrs. J. Rossiter.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 32)



TOMORROW ARRIVED TODAY

Youth doesn't wait for the approval of time. Youth doesn't linger to copy or follow. Youth takes precedence by virtue of enthusiasm. Youth leads with the spirit of adventure, the desire for change. For youth, tomorrow arrived today. And so in the pages of COLLEGE HUMOR you will find a certain something that is young, swift-moving, colorful and gay. Humor, novels, and features that will keep you mentally young! Your copy of the latest issue can be secured at the leading dealers.

Two Clipped Poems

Song in Spite of Myself

BY COUNTEE CULLEN

NEVER love with all your heart,
It only ends in aching;
And bit by bit to the smallest part
That organ will be breaking.

Never love with all your mind,
It only ends in fretting;
In musing on sweet joys behind,
Too poignant for forgetting.

Never love with all your soul,
For such there is no ending;
Though a mind that frets may find control,
And a shattered heart find mending.

Give but a grain of the heart's rich seed,
Confine some under cover,
And when Love goes bid him Godspeed,
And find another lover.

—Harper's.

♦ ♦ ♦

Reunion

BY WILLIAM HEERMANS WRIGHT

THE only question I could find
Was, "So you find the climate mild?"
She spoke across the mists of many years,
"Indeed, I'm very well," and smiled.

We picked the faded patchwork over
For little bits of this and that,
And sifted all the shadows of the past
For scraps of things to wonder at.

She said, "You never came again."
I answered, "And you never wrote."
The moments dropped like quiet tears, and words
Were like a swelling in the throat.

"Your children didn't live, I knew."
"No; and you never married, John."
And suddenly the room was very cold,
Though the embers flickered on.

The broad gray sea of silence closed
Over our heads, and that was all—
All that was left but the phantoms on the floor
And the firelight on the wall.

—The Book of the Rhymers' Club.



Footpad: "I want money. Will you buy this revolver from me?"

—Buen Humor, Madrid.

* * *

Keep Going

Jones went to the picture show the other night and saw "The Purple Garment." Came home and slept in purple pajamas.

The next night he saw the "Black Mantle." Came home and slept in his black night shirt.

A night later he saw "The Follies."

Now the durned fool is about to die with pneumonia.— Ranger.

* * *

Sing me a song of ire

And sing me a song of wrath
Dieu, que le son du phone

Est hell quand vous en bath!

—Tiger.

* * *

Rah: George just bought two handkerchiefs for Jim's birthday that cost three dollars each.

Boom: That's an awful lot to blow in, isn't it? —Flamingo.

* * *

Efficiency

Customer: When I put the coat on the first time and buttoned it up, the seam burst down the back.

Tailor: Yes? Vell dat just shows how vell our buttons are sewed on. —Vagabond.

* * *

Obvious

Sight-seeing Guide (on rubber-neck wagon): "And, ladies and gentlemen, on your right you see a monument erected last year to a noble cause."

Inquisitive Old Lady: "And what does it stand for?"

The Guide (sarcastically): "Because, madam, it would look silly lying down." —Ollapod.

Facts About Tea series—No. 1.

Tea - its origin

Five thousand years ago a venturesome Chinaman, so we are told, penetrated the forests of Assam in India and discovered the tea plant. He took it home and planted it... and so the story goes. This is legend but ancient writers of China tell us definitely that tea was growing in China in 2700 B.C.

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'Fresh from the gardens'

How to Obtain A Perfect Looking Nose



My Latest Improved Model 25 corrects now ill-shaped noses quickly, painlessly, permanently and comfortably at home. It is the only nose-shaping appliance of precise adjustment and a safe and guaranteed patent device that will actually give you a perfect-looking nose. Write for free booklet which tells you how to obtain a perfect-looking nose. M. Trilety, Pioneer Nose-Shaping Specialist, Dept. 3161, Binghamton - - N.Y.

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Room 4 BATTLE CREEK MICH.



The Folly of Taking Digestive Pills

Warns Stomach Sufferers.
Neutralize Dangerous Acids in Stomach with Hot Water and Magnesia.

"Never force the digestion of fermenting food from your stomach simply to get temporary relief from indigestion," says a well known authority. "The habit of taking digestive pills after meals makes chronic dyspeptics of many thousands of men and women because artificial digestants, drugs and medicines have practically no influence upon the excessively acid condition of the stomach contents which is the cause of most forms of indigestion and dyspepsia."

The after dinner pill merely lessens the sensitiveness of the stomach nerves and thus gives a false sense of freedom from pain. If those who are subject to indigestion, bloating, gas, sour stomach, belching, heartburn, etc., after eating would get a little pure Bisurated Magnesia (either powder or tablets) from any reliable druggist and take a teaspoonful of the powder or two of the tablets in a little water after meals, there would be no further necessity for drugs or medicines because the Bisurated Magnesia instantly neutralizes stomach acidity, stops food fermentation and thus insures normal, painless digestion by enabling the stomach to do its work without hindrance.



DRAW

Humorous Illustration may be a profitable profession or a delightful hobby. In either case you will benefit by the unusual course which has just been prepared by Ricardo. It is in itself as unstilted and amusing as the sketches of this leading Canadian caricaturist and includes many delightful examples of his work. It is the kind of course

he has wanted to recommend to his correspondents, but has hitherto been unable to find.

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well known as a leading Canadian author and a well skilled instructor, is the Director of our Short Story Writing Department. He is specializing in the work of Constructive Criticism of stories which have not found a ready market. Writers are invited to correspond with him. *Please address—*

Shaw Schools, Dept. O-1, Bay-Charles, Toronto.

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GOBLIN has on hand hundreds of original drawings, used recently, which can be purchased as low as from \$1 to \$5 apiece. These include pen and ink, wash, charcoal and pencil sketches and make very nice pictures for framing. They can be seen at any time from 9 to 5 at the Goblin Offices, 86 East Adelaide Street, Toronto.

For people living outside Toronto: If you will write us, mentioning the Goblin artists you prefer and the number of originals you wish, we will make a selection for you and mail them C.O.D.

Free Speech

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29)

Inspiration!

Markham Village,
Ontario.

GOBLIN Magazine,
Toronto.

Dear Sirs:

A five-dollar letter! Boy! Oh, you GOBLIN, why not Gobbler? It would be a most appropriate title, considering how it gobbles up our time, it gobbles up our money, our interest, and last, but not least, it gobbles up the blues, and so leaves us with a more optimistic view and an exhilarated mind. Sure! Let it be "The Gobbler."

We hear of tonics for headaches, tonics for nerves and different ailments, but the GOBLIN is the only sure cure I have found for the blues. We look at it, throw it down, take it up, read it all over, and the first thing we know we are watching eagerly for the mail that brings in the next GOBLIN, and then it is a game of "Grab." If it escapes for a minute from the book shelf, its trail is soon taken up.

Let them say what they like behind your back, but I say, three cheers for the GOBLIN! It is good all round, interesting, amusing, a jolly old book, and clean and full of wit and wisdom.

Viva la GOBLIN!

Wishing you a happy and prosperous New Year and many of them.

MRS. MIMI WILSON.

* * *

Neighbourly Greeting

R.F.D. 3, Marion, Ill.,
Jan. 23, 1929.

Editor, GOBLIN,
Toronto.

Dear Sir:

I wish to express myself as follows:

Appreciation of GOBLIN in Rhyme
I read the GOBLIN from page to page,

It's like a comedian on the stage.
It fills my soul with many a thrill,
It cures the blues, bars the doctor bill.

"Potage Canadien" meant much to me.

The subject—"Books"—filled me heart with glee.

All of its features are well worth while,
Read them and note the comical smile.

Here' to the GOBLIN—"honour and fame,"

"Success" to the staff, each writer's name.

This message is sent with highest rates—

From a friend far 'way down in the States.

Respectfully yours,

HOBERT L. MOTSINGER.

* * *

Oh. Yeah?

Tompkins, Sask.,

January 21st, 1929.

The Editor,
THE GOBLIN,
The City of Toronto.

Dear Sir:

I just wish to mention that I do not approve of the book "The Rise and Fall of France," which is advertised in your Jan. issue, page 22, because the author is certainly all wrong. Also the ad for Piccadilly tobacco, which states that it "has won the praise of Connoisseurs." I am sure those mammoths of the past that they are now digging up, knew nothing of Piccadilly tobacco. And again—page 29, Absorbine Jr. Their ad. says, "Keep it handy for other emergencies. I did. I had an emergency call, an overheated stove. It DID NOT WORK. Now! Page 31. "A PERFECT LOOKING NOSE" if that was "a perfect looking glass" Well! I got BURNED when I bought a cheap safety razor. I got "BIT-TEN" when I sent for a cheap fountain pen. I got STUNG when I tried to fix up an "old sore" between my neighbors. I got "CUT" to the heart by a young lady and even had one of my bee HIVES broken. I tried Dodd's Ointment for each, but it did no good (page 38). I have a real good line out here if you would like to hear about it, I will be pleased to write again, once.

Sincerely yours,

A. B. CHAMBERS.

A.B.C.

Etiquette

"Gee, Mom, a truck just run over Pop and mashed him all over the pavement."

"Arthur! How often have I told you not to tell me such things when I'm eating?"

—Sun Dial.

* * *

A Neat Trick

"Not many fellows can do this," said the magician as he turned his Ford into a lamppost.

—Owl.

* * *

Natural History Note

They tell a story about a tiny ant who gazed longingly but helplessly at the body of a dead horse. Just then a bootlegger's truck rattled by and a case of stuff fell over the endgate and crashed to the ground. A puddle formed and the ant took one sip. Then he seized the dead horse by the tail and shouted: "Come on, big boy, we're going home."

—Ranger.

* * *

Neat Recovery

Man (at fashionable ball)—"Do you know that ugly gentleman sitting opposite to us?"

Lady—"Sir, that is my brother."

Man (in confusion)—"Ah! I beg your pardon, I had not noticed the resemblance."

—Drexlerd.

* * *

The Three Stages of Man

First Stage—A week-old boy.

Second Stage—A wee cold boy.

Third Stage—A weak old boy.

* * *

A Lesson in Logic

Jimmy giggled when the teacher read the story of a man who swam a river three times before breakfast.

"You do not doubt that a trained swimmer could do that, do you?"

"No, sir," replied Jimmy, "but I wonder why he did not make it four, and get back to the side where his clothes were."

* * *

Ataboy!

Scandalized Judge (to enraged attorney)—"Silence! I fine you five dollars for contempt of court."

Enraged Attorney (planking down \$20 bill)—"Five dollars doesn't begin to express my contempt for this court!"

—Sun Dodger.



Famous Beauties

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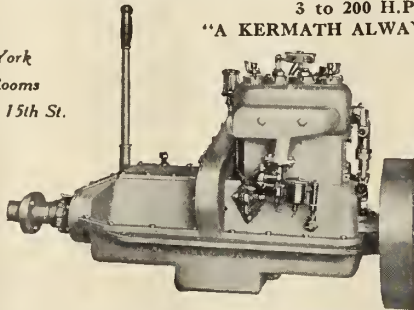
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"Such utter stupidity, Parkes,
destroy that iron hat at once
. . . . and bring me my BROCK."

Love Laughs at Locksmiths

or

WHY EDITORS GO INSANE

PARIS, Dec. 19.—Irene Briares, young authoress, is not content with early men. She wants a prince charming from Mars.

The young woman writer, not disheartened by Dr. Hugh Mansfield Robinson's failures to reach Mars by radio, and believing that men more handsome in the earthly sense than Dr. Robinson's "beautiful, big-eared Oomaruru" dwell on the planet, sent a coded love message there to-day.

She sent the message through the French Poste Telegraph, which was somewhat dubious of the queer reading words she laid on the counter at one of its local offices.

After much explanation by Mlle. Briares that the message was in code because it was not for earthly eyes to see, the Poste Telegraph finally accepted it, but with the condition that it be at the sender's risk.

"I am waiting and hoping that some prince charming of Mars will answer my message," Mlle. Briares told newspaper men. "I have written it in the most lyrical code any daughter of Eve could have conceived."

Although she refused to divulge the exact wordage of the message, she intimated that it appealed to the Martians not to neglect Parisian girls, especially herself, who was pining for a Martian intellectual.

Mlle. Briares was confident someone on Mars would be able to decode and translate her message. Her greatest problem appeared to be how the prince charming would get to Paris after he heard from her.

LONDON, Dec. 19.—If the old rule of "three times charm" holds good, the earth will have heard from Mars next Saturday.

Dr. Hugh Mansfield Robinson, of London, whose two earlier efforts to get in touch with Oomaruru, the big eared Martian woman, by radio have failed, announced to-day he will make a third attempt from Rio De Janeiro next Friday night.

Mars will be nearer the earth than at any time in the next two years. Dr. Robinson said in explaining his reason for repeating the experiment so close to last Saturday's failure.

The message will be the same as last Saturday—"God is love—earth to Mars"—and it will be sent out, Dr. Robinson hopes, by the same company from Rio De Janeiro on a short wave length.

To insure receipt of an answer, Dr. Robinson will enlist the aid of Nell, a super-sensitive telepathic Greyhound. Nell is owned by Thomas John Littlejohn, of Falmouth psychic experiments, who agrees with Dr. Robinson that Nell could receive Oomaruru's message if a message is sent.

Littlejohn claims he has authentic proof that Nell has transmitted her ideas to him from quite a distance, and Dr. Robinson believes she may be more sensitive than wireless, especially to messages from Oomaruru.

—News item in the Border Cities Star.

Hot Babies

GIRLS WANTED

Who Can Sing and Dance.

—Ad in the Hartford Courant.

You May Win \$200.00

—The MacLeanagram Way—

THE most interesting and educational, as well as profitable, pastime ever devised.

Of peculiar value and helpfulness to teachers and their senior pupils—especially in English classes and studies.

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Mailed Promptly

Only Merit Wins

A letter may appear in a correct word only as often as it is in the Key Name.

A letter not in "Alan Sullivan" cannot be used in a correct word.

BUT—every letter in the KeyName may be used over and over again, in different words.

Look over these examples. Some are correct and some are not. They will show you why themselves:—"ibis," "lull," "slant," "ulna."

Before you start, list the letters in the KeyName as to how often each may be used in a correct word:—A/3, N/2, V/1, etc.—it will help you a lot.

This Coupon Must Accompany Your Entry Properly Filled In

MacLeanagram Editor WS/78
MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE Gob.
Toronto 2, Ont.

I attach my entry to your MacLeanagram for words made from letters in the name ALAN SULLIVAN.

No. of words listed.....

For the enclosed \$2.00 send
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Occupation.....

Address.....

New or Renewal.....

Entrant.....

Address.....

Issue after issue—MacLeanagram after MacLeanagram—treasure continues to flow into the hands of fortunate Entrants, until 'twould seem there is no end.

Nor need there be—so long as our readers continue to display their present keen interest in these fascinating MacLeanagrams.

The formula by which You May Win \$200.00 is simple.

\$500.00 in Cash→

All you have to do is list as many correct words as possible from the letters in the KeyName; in strictly alphabetical order to the last letter.

Your Entry may be either hand- or type-writt arrangement in columns being preferred.

Read the Rules and study them carefully, before you start. It will help you to use a dictionary.

**NO ENTRANT BARRED From
Winning Any Prize in This
MacLeanagram on Account of
Previous Prizes Won**

If you are doubtful of a word, put it in anyway; 'twill not disqualify your Entry, but all such words will be taken into consideration in determining the Prize-Winners.

There are no conditions except those stated in the Rules.

Each MacLeanagram is complete in itself.

ENTRIES CLOSE MARCH 1st
Those mailed after March 1st, as shown the post-mark, will not be considered by the Judges. **MAIL YOURS EARLY.**

THE DECISION

of the Judges will be final and absolute and in case of a difference of opinion, The Concise English Dictionary (Annandale) will be used as the final arbiter.

THE PRIZE AWARD

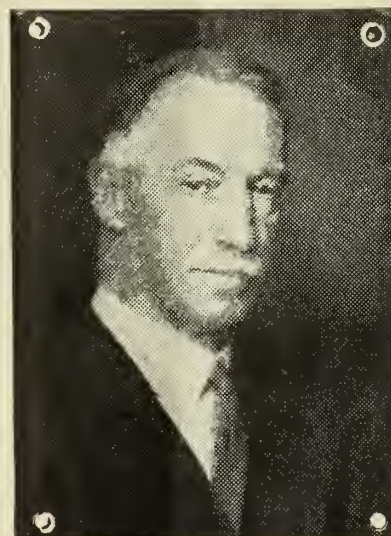
will be announced in MacLean's Magazine as soon after March 1st as is possible. **Watch for it.**

THE JUDGES

Dr. E. J. Pratt, Professor of English, Victoria College, University of Toronto; Miss Pansy Atkins, Teacher and well-known writer on Children's Topics, Toronto; J. Herbert Hodgins, special feature writer and financial expert, Toronto.

for the largest lists of correct words to be made from the letters in the name:

ALAN SULLIVAN



MacLean's readers are still talking about "The Splendid Silence" and "A Little Way Ahead" as two of the finest serials they ever read. Alan Sullivan, who wrote them, is a Canadian who for some years has lived in England. Born in Montreal in 1868, Mr. Sullivan graduated from Toronto University as a mining engineer and spent many years in Northern Canada, prospecting and living the life of a courier du bois, experiences which provided a useful background for his subsequent literary work. He has written a dozen novels and scores of short stories.

READ THESE SIMPLE RULES CAREFULLY

1. Entries will not be accepted through Sales Representatives, or without the Official Coupon.

2. Anyone, other than an employee of MacLean's Magazine or The MacLean Publishing Company, Limited, and members of their immediate families, is eligible to compete for the Prizes offered.

3. Entrants must send with their Entry a new or renewal subscription for themselves or one of their family resident at the same address, or a subscription secured from some other person and paid for by that other person of \$2.00 for one year to MacLean's Magazine. Entrants paying for other than their own or their family's subscription will be disqualified. No Entry will be qualified in respect of a payment to a Sales Representative.

4. The number of words listed must be totalled, shown on the Coupon, and the lists prepared in strictly alphabetical order to the last letter.

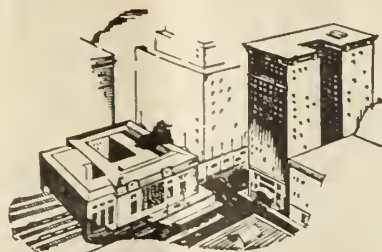
5. All entries to this MacLeanagram, together with the subscription payments, must be mailed by Entrants at their post offices not later than March 1st.

6. In determining the Winners, only printable and recognized words of the English language will be counted. Do not use obsolete or slang words, abbreviations, contractions, apostrophes, plurals, combined forms, prefixes, or suffixes by themselves or hyphenated with other words. Do not use proper names. Words spelled alike, but carrying different meanings will only be counted as one word. Unintelligible words will be disqualified as well as words changed or corrected. Incorrect or doubtful words will not disqualify your Entry, but will be taken into account in determining the Winners.

7. MacLean's Magazine reserves the right to disqualify any Entry for any reason deemed sufficient by it.

8. No discussion can be entered into by correspondence, telephone or otherwise regarding MacLeanagrams, and all Entrants are understood by the fact of their Entry to agree to accept as final the published decision.

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If I Don't Sneeze

OH, Agnus, do come here a minute and hook me up under the arm. I've been simply writhing myself into a pretzel trying to fix the thing myself.

You should certainly be thankful, Agnus, that you're not going to this abominable Third-Year Dance. I've already spent two whole hours getting dressed, and I feel just like a mess, Agnus. Absolutely like a mess!

What do you mean, it won't fasten? Why, Agnus, of course it will fasten if you just pull it the right way. Why wouldn't it fasten, I'd like to know? This is my very newest dress, Agnus, and I bought it only a week ago. You can't tell me I've gained enough in a week to outgrow my very newest dress.

Ouch! What are you doing, Agnus? Trying to pin it together? Look here: You're hooking the wrong hooks together, that's what's the matter. Whpwhff! Agnus! You're strangling me! What in the world do you suppose is wrong. This dress hung on me just like a sack when I bought it. Honestly, it almost hung in pleats. There, that's better. If I don't sneeze everything will be all right.

And would you mind putting just the tiniest bit of powder on my back, dear? I hate to bother you like this, but since you're not going yourself, and all.

I should have thought about powdering my back before I put on this dress. If there's anything I hate it's seeing powder streaked all over a girl's clothes. It just looks like pure negligence to me, Agnus. And you can't tell me that men don't notice things like that. You can't tell me that Fritz, for instance, wouldn't be absolutely disgusted at anything the least bit sloppy.

He said to me just last night, he said, "Edner—," Fritz is from the east, you know, Agnus, and he always says "Edner"—isn't that darling of him?—well, he said, "Edner, I have never known a girl who paid as much attention to the trifles of dress as you do!"

And that only goes to show, Agnus, that a girl simply can't be too careful of the little things.

AGNUS, dear, couldn't you be a little less reckless with that powder? It shows quite a bit, there where you've spilled some on the satin. Of course, I shouldn't complain with you, being so self-sacrificing to help me like this.

Agnus, I'm going to sneeze. I know perfectly well that I'm going to sneeze. It's that powder you've been blowing around. Uh-Uh—Now, Agnus, you grab tight hold of my dress so that it won't—Kachpjk! There, now what happened? Why didn't you hold it together as I asked you to, Agnus? Look! It's ripped!

Agnus, my dress is ripped! Why didn't you let go so that a hook could pop off instead? Good heavens, Agnus, did you think I'd rather have my dress torn off me than have a little hook pull out?

It's just ruined. Completely ruined! To think that I'd have to go to a dance with a patched-up dress, Agnus. It certainly does seem as though you could have kept that powder out of my nose.

You think you can sew it up so it won't show? Yes, I'll bet it won't show! Well, you might as well try. It's a cinch I can't go with it this way.

Take it off? What do you mean, Agnus? Take this dress off over my head when I've spent a solid hour fixing my hair? Why, Agnus! You must be crazy. You'll have to sew it on me, that's all; you'll have to sew it right where it is now.

You don't seem to realize that Fritz will be here any minute, Agnus. I think you might hurry, under the circumstances, Agnus.

WHERE'S some orchid thread? Now, how should I know that? Haven't you any? You haven't! Well, for pity's sake, go look for some, Agnus! Go through everyone's sewing basket. Go in Imogene's room, she has some orchid pajamas.

You know perfectly well that I can't do any bending and snooping. Not unless I want to rip this thing clear off!

Hurry, Agnus—you don't seem to realize!

Yes, come in, Dottie. What! Fritz is here? He's downstairs

now? What did he come so early for? Yes, it is early. It's 'way early.

And look what Agnus did to my dress, Dottie! Did you ever see such a wreck? What'll I do, Dottie?

Go find some orchid thread, will you, dear? Oh, let the doorbell go. Let the men just walk in. You don't seem to realize, Dottie—

Agnus! Agnus, come here! Dottie, go tell Agnus to come here quick! Tell her to bring green thread if she wants to—or paste. You don't seem to realize just what sort of a disposition Fritz has!

There you are, Agnus. Well, where in the world have you been? Did you go downstairs after the thread? Oh, I knew you wouldn't find any. If I could just have gone after it myself—

You'll just have to pin it up, Agnus. With some of those little gold safety pins. That's all. Ouch! It's the dress that's ripped—not my skin. There. I hope that will last while I walk down the stairs.

I know I'll have a perfectly gorgeous time—thank you, Agnus, dear, for fixing me up so perfectly stunning! You were darling to help me out so dreadfully much. I'd never think of troubling you another time. And if I just don't sneeze, everything will be all right!

—Columns.



"Marie, don't you know that in good houses you bring in letters on a salver?"

"Yes, but I didn't know that you knew it, ma'am."

—Kasper, Stockholm.

* * *

Suspicious

Father: Willie, I'm afraid I'll never see you in Heaven.

Willie: Gee, Pop, whatcha been doin' now?

—Colgate Banter.

Get This Straight!



"The
Nickel
Lunch"

There are no finer peanuts grown than the ones you'll find in the Planters glassine bag. Crisp, salted, perfectly roasted, wholesome. No card game's complete without them. Look for Mr. Peanut and the Planters name. The "ante" is five cents.

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SALTED PEANUTS



"Sam, they mus' be speed in dat hoss!"

"Sho' must. Ah never hear tell of anyone gettin' any out of him!"

Solution of the Time Clock Mystery

(See page 14)

1. McGinnis was murdered some time between 1.00 and 1.30 a.m. He was alive at 1 o'clock because he punched the time clock No. 4 at that hour. Inasmuch as time clock No. 5 was found to be in good order and inasmuch as it was not punched at 1.30 on schedule it must be assumed that the watchman met his death in the intervening time. (3 marks.)

2. The crime was the work of two men. The police reasoned that someone must have continued the watchman's round after McGinnis was murdered, punching the other time clocks. The only purpose to be served by this proceeding, however, would be to enable the work of opening the safe to go on without interruption. Inasmuch as the other clocks were in widely distant parts of the building one man would have found it impossible to reach the other clocks on schedule and return to the office in the intervening half-hours. As the labor of solving the combination undoubtedly took considerable time it was argued that while one man worked at the safe, the other undertook to stave off investigation until such time as the work was completed by visiting the other time clocks. (2 marks.)

3. Herbert Clemens, son of the manager, and Red Clancy, former convict, entered the Carlin office that night, murdered the watchman and robbed the safe. (5 marks.)

Working from the premise that McGinnis was murdered before 1.30 a.m. and that the thieves did not leave the building before 3 o'clock, the police reasoned that the crime could not have been committed by any person with a knowledge of the combination, otherwise the safe would have been opened in a few moments. The length of time taken in commission of the robbery indicated the work of someone ignorant of the combination but skilful enough to solve it. This at once eliminated Josiah Clemens, the manager, and Kinburne, the cashier. The fact that the time clocks were punched on

schedule, after the death of the watchman, argued the presence of someone well acquainted with the layout of the buildings, otherwise the clocks could not have been located, nor is it likely that they would have been punched at the times scheduled. However, the strongest fact in support of this theory was the telephone incident. It was quite obvious that one of the criminals must have answered the telephone call when the protection company noted the watchman's failure to punch in on No. 5, but it was improbable that an ordinary crook would have taken this risk. A man who knew the watchman's routine, however, and who knew the procedure in the event of his failure to report on schedule, would at once realize the object of the call and would realize the importance of immediately lulling the suspicions of the protective service officials. Therefore, he answered the call and reported the time clock broken, then resumed the watchman's round while his companion tried to solve the safe combination. The elder Clemens and Kinburne were eliminated by reason of their knowledge of the combination. This left only Herbert Clemens. The bit of sandpaper found beneath the safe, used by professional thieves to render their fingers more sensitive while engaged in the delicate work of solving the combination, further proved that his companion was an

expert crook, and the police therefore settled on Red Clancy. The other ex-convict, Pinky Trimm, was eliminated because he could prove that he was not in the office at 1.30, previous to which time the thieves undoubtedly entered the building. Herbert Clemens and Clancy were therefore arrested. (4 marks.)

5. The police reconstructed the story of the affair as follows: Clancy and the younger Clemens were in the office endeavoring to open the safe when McGinnis, having lunch in the furnace room, heard them. He had just finished his lunch and it was not yet time to punch clock No. 4. He came up to investigate, eating an apple on the way. Coming up the stairs from the basement he realized that someone was in the office, tossed aside the apple in his excitement, ascended to the top of the stairs and was there struck down. Clancy was the murderer. Clemens would have fled, then and there, but Clancy argued that with the watchman out of the way, they had the entire night before them. A moment later the telephone rang. Clemens realized that the watchman had not punched time clock No. 4 and knew that an investigation would be under way in short order—therefore he answered the call, assured the protective service, that the clock was broken. Then, while Clancy kept working at the safe, Clemens continued the watchman's round, making use of his knowledge of the location of the clocks. At 3 o'clock he came back to the office, found Clancy waiting for him, they divided the spoils and fled. Clemens returned to his apartment via the stairs, as he had left it, unseen, after midnight. (6 marks.)

The arrest of Clemens proved the police theories. He broke down and made a complete confession. Being heavily in debt and knowing of the presence of the payroll in the safe, he had met Clancy in one of the dives he occasionally frequented, and had conspired with him to commit the robbery.



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Beat those in Walla Walla;
Their emblems and omens
Appealed to the Romans.

The baths of Diocletian
Were filled to repletion
With aediles and eunuchs
In togas and tunics.

Susanna, young fool,
Bathed in the pool;
The elders in the shrubbery
Kicked up a bobbery.

Diogenes, old chap,
Just turned on a tap;
(No, that couldn't be,
For he lived B. C.)

Brave Sir Launcelot
Liked the water hot;
While the old Ettrick shephe'd
Preferred his quite tepid.

Marat, we know,
Used a bathtub, and so
Was put out of the way
By Charlotte Corday.

All of the Pitts
Always used Sitz;
The family tradition
Decreed this position.

But E. Humperdinck
Washed at the sink;
He said, "It saves time
And it takes off the grime."

—CAROLYN WELLS,
in *The New Yorker*.

A Quick Getaway

He stood in Times Square, the
picture of dejection. "How come?"
asked a passing friend.

"I left my swell cane in the taxi-
cab."

"Too bad—I guess that guerilla
beat it the minute you got out?"

"No, I did—I gave him a nickel
tip."

—*New York Evening Journal*.

"I had a bad dream last night."
"Yes, I saw her."

—*Iowa State Green Gander*.

Oops!

Voice in the Dark: "Statue?"
Second Voice: "Yes, that's me."

—*Wampus*.

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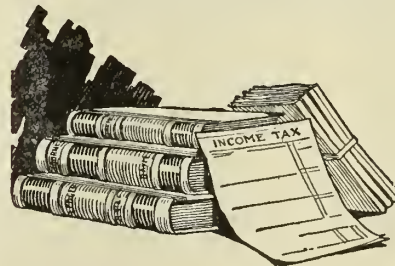
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La Salle Car Winner

And Complete List of Prize Winners Will be Announced in March Goblin



Due to having provided ample time upon the tie-breaker to those who tied in GOBLIN's last \$10,000 Indian Head Puzzle Contest and due to our having to allow adequate mailing time to the extreme west, the final results of the contest were not known at the time of this issue going to press.

It is altogether likely that by the time you read this announcement, the prize winners will have been declared by the judges and the prizes awarded. All winning contestants will be notified immediately. The cars and radios will be forwarded as quickly as delivery can be arranged and cheques will be mailed as soon as authorized by the judges.

In the March issue a reproduction of the prize-winning chart will be made that contestants may compare it with their own solutions.

Every care was taken in checking all solutions both

by the judges and the firm of Grant & Godfrey, Chartered Accountants, who were retained by GOBLIN to thoroughly safeguard the interests of all contestants.

As our subscribers know, this magazine has distributed more than \$25,000 in prizes to our readers during recent months, and each new prize-winning list produces new winners, as GOBLIN always stipulates that major winners in earlier contests are automatically barred from subsequent contests.

Watch for the results next month. Also be on the lookout for the announcement of our next contest, which will appear very shortly. We know this new contest will amuse and intrigue you and may be the means of your profiting by several thousand dollars.

Someone always wins these prizes. Perhaps it will be your turn in this next Puzzle. Watch for it!

Dark Doings

"Dinah," asked Mrs. Whistlebaum, "I looked all over for you to-day. Where on earth were you?"

"Ah was blackberrying, Mis' Whisbum."

"You were blackberrying?"

"Yessum, it was mah cousin Joe's funeral."

—Pointer.

* * *

"Ah Takes Nothin' "

"Does yo' take this woman for thy lawfully wedded wife?" asked the coloured parson, glancing at the diminutive, watery-eyed, bow-legged bridegroom, who stood beside two hundred and ten pounds of feminine assurance.

"Ah takes nothin'," gloomily responded the bridegroom. "Ah's being tooked."

—Rustcraft Rustler.

* * *

Good News

Doctor: "Getting pretty tired of lying on the flat of your back, aren't you? Let me see; it's been about six weeks now, hasn't it? Well, cheer up, I have good news for you."

Impatient (eagerly): "What's that, doctor?"

Doc: "If you're still improving to-morrow, you can lie on your left side."

* * *

Stuttering Stella: "T-t-t-take th-that c-c-c-c-c-caterp-p-p-pillar off m-m-m-me q-q-quick!"

Nervous Companion: "W-w-w-w-where is it?"

S. S.: "N-n-n-n-nevermind, n-n-now; it's f-f-f-flown away."

* * *

At Last

Coloured Man: "Boss, de ladies have finally given in, haven't they?"

White Man: "Given in. How?"

C. M.: "Well, I just now seen a sign down the street that said: 'Ladies' Ready-to-Wear Clothes.'"

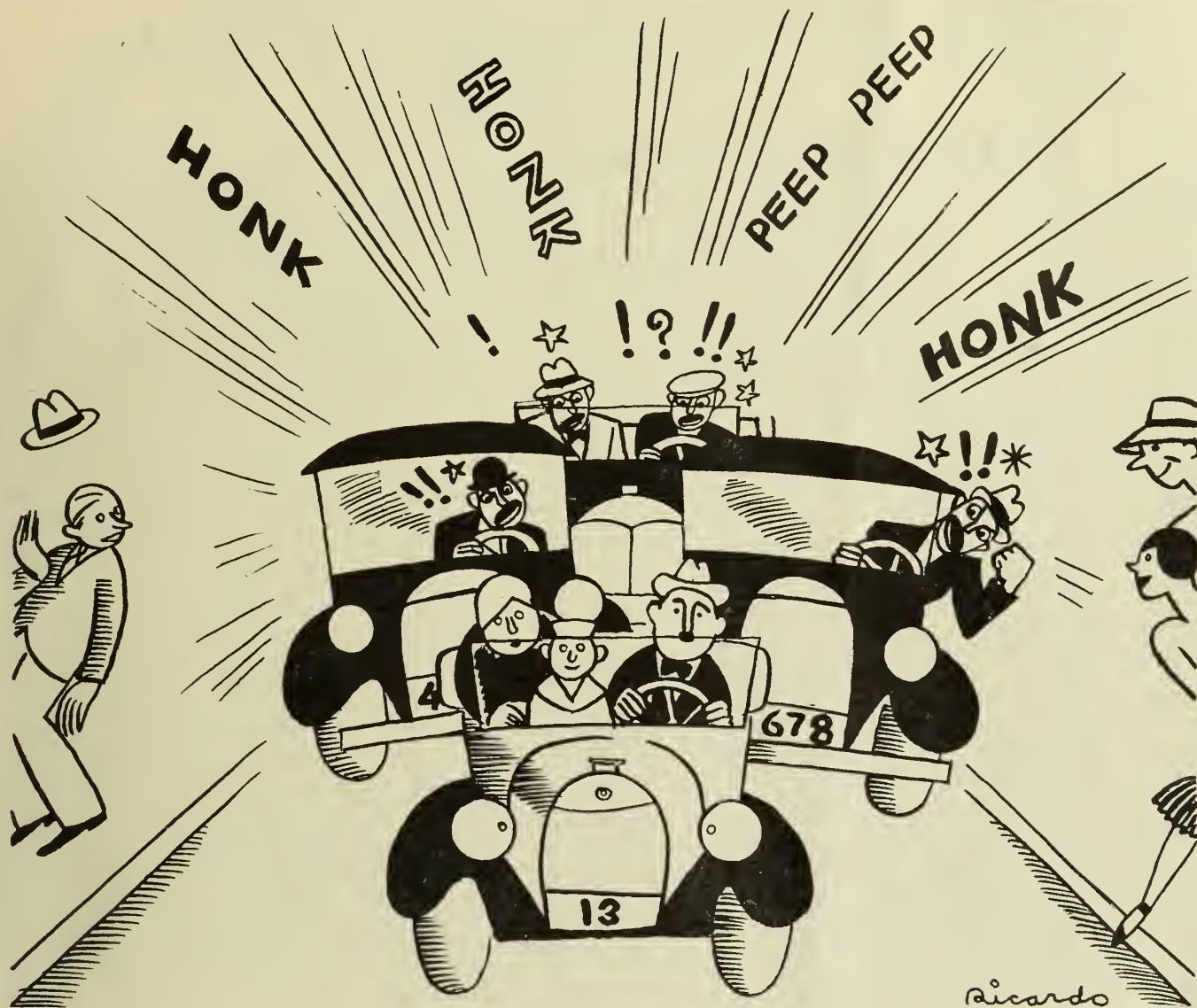
—Yellow Jacket.

* * *

Rastus (after a narrow escape from train at crossing): "Waffo' you blow yoh ho'n? 'At ain't gwine do you no good."

Friend: "Boy, 'at wa'n't mah ho'n. 'At was Gabriel."

—Harvard Lampoon.



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Supply and Demand

Voice from the Eleventh Floor:
"Smatter down there; have you no key?"

Noisy one on the Pavement:
"Gotta key all right, but wouldja jussasoon throw down a few key-holes?"

—*Boston Beanpot.*

Oops!

"I say, Arbutus, knowest thou what has four arms and four legs and can stretch but can't walk?"

"Nay Horatio, what strange animal is this, forsooth?"

"Why, two suits of woollen underwear, thou nitwit."

—*Pointer.*



"Is a crime being committed in that hut?"

"Much more wonderful. A man lives there who has forsaken the world to become a hermit."

—*Kasper, Stockholm.*

* * *

Disdain

Judge (to convicted burglar):
"Have you anything to say before sentence is passed?"

Burglar: "The only thing I'm kicking about is bein' identified by a man that kept his head under the bedclothes the whole time!"

—*Orange Owl.*

* * *

Where the Saying Started

The doctor entered his reception room and found a typical old maid and a hard-boiled gentleman awaiting his ministrations.

Turning to his attendant, the physician asked: "Which came first—the hen or the yegg?"—*Life.*

* * *

Obliging

Housemanager (to new waiter):
"Breakfast at 7.30, Smith."

Smith: "Thanks, but if I'm not up, don't wait for me."—*Siren.*

* * *

Stuttering Mose: "J-just think, t-that b-b-beautiful b-b-butterfly once c-came from a cocoon."

Rastus: Goo' Lord, ise guess we is the ancestors of everything."

—*Cornell Widow.*

* * *

"Johnny, stop poking little Edward!"

"I ain't pokin' him, Ma, I'm countin' his measles."—*Octopus.*

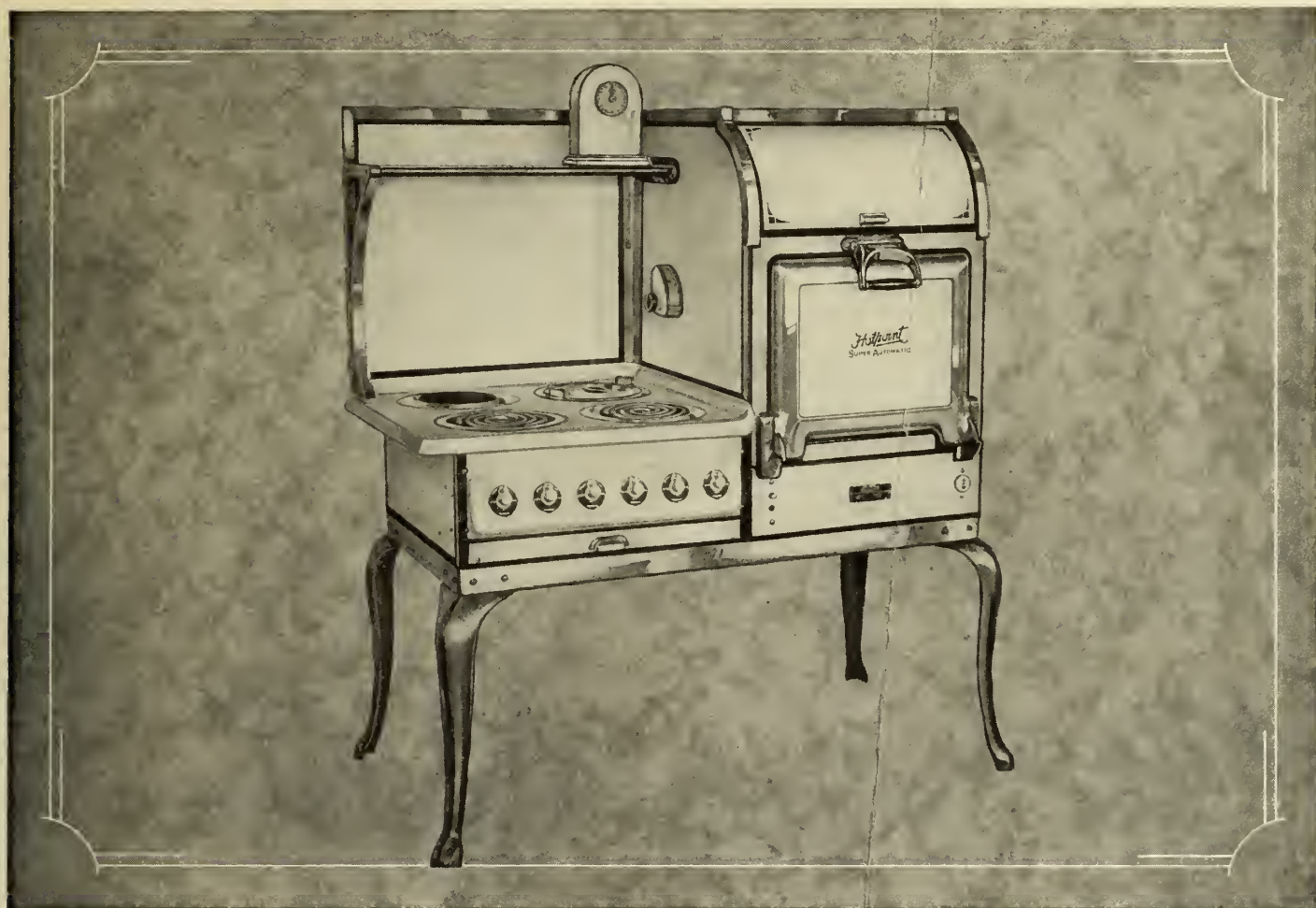
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Fraternity Row Item

Ph.D.: "So you can't define mirror. Well, what do you look into after you wash your face to see if it is clean?"

Frater: "The towel."—*Lion.*

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"THERE'S SOMETHING
ABOUT THEM YOU'LL LIKE"

